
A SONG OF
BROTHERS

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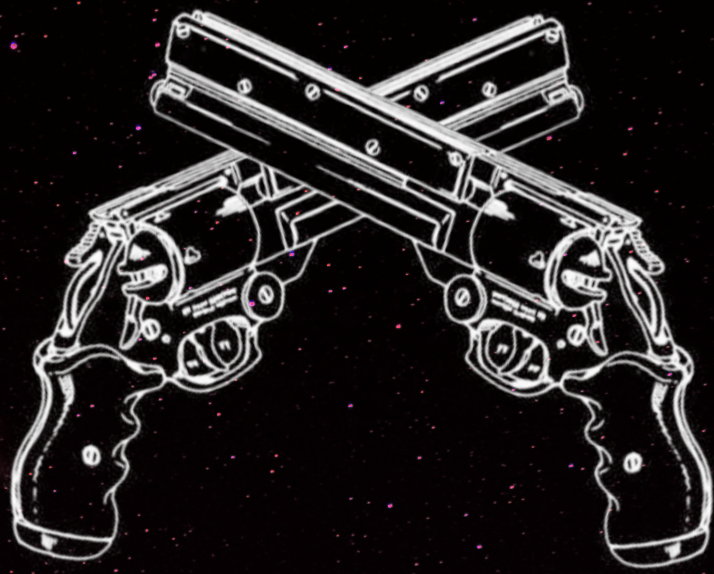
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We would like to take a moment to thank all of our contributors for the spectacular pieces they have created. We couldn't have done this without your enthusiasm and creativity! To our mod team, thank you for your dedication in completing this project.

And of course, we owe a big thanks to you! Your support has inspired us and we hope you enjoy 'A Song of Brothers' as much as we did in creating it!

All proceeds from the digital purchase of this zine go to United Plant Savers. Physical copies were given as compensation for the hard work of our artists and writers and were funded directly from the ASOB mod team.

Content warnings have been included at the beginning of each story for your discretion and comfort.

~ Love & Peace! ~

TWOBROTHERSZINE.CARRD.CO

BROSONG_ZINE

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Meant to Be

AKnightOfAGoodKing

It's been a few decades since the first integration of Plants into human society—living and existing with their creators in peace and harmony as their own individual persons—but the chances of an Independent being born are still very low. Vash himself was the first in over a decade, after which a handful of other Independents came to be; however, Rem has never brought any of them home before. Until *Nai*.

In her arms, Nai is small with a head of yellow hair, bundled in a white cotton blanket with a pattern that exists only on Plants, and when she passes the sleeping babe over, Vash is smiling so big that his face hurts. He is fifteen and *ecstatic*.

Genetically, they're twins, as are all Plants, but Nai is Vash's spitting image as a baby. It was probably why Rem was given guardianship over him as well. "He's your little brother," she tells him with a bright smile. "Take care of him, okay, Vash?"

Vash is nearly in tears, holding this precious gift in his arms, and he can't speak because if he did, he's sure to break down, overwhelmed with a love and adoration he'd never felt before. In his heart, he promises that he will protect Nai no matter what. "I love you, Nai," he dares to whisper, his lips ghosting his new brother's soft cheek. "I'll always be there for you."

Little Nai finally stirs, revealing sleepy blue eyes—*just like his*—as clear as the sky. He yawns with his small mouth, the cutest thing in the world at that moment, and makes a quiet sound, rather dignified for a thing of only three days old. Nai looks up at Vash with those blue eyes, and he giggles.

Vash is astounded. His brother's laugh is what gold looks like, what honey tastes like, what stars feel like. Something new and unfamiliar stirs in the pit of Vash's stomach, and it thickens in his throat, heavy and hard to swallow.

He's fallen in love.

The realization brings such dread to Vash, who tries not to panic. There's still so much to learn about Plants and their psychology and biology; observation takes years and generations, and he's among the oldest of the Independents. He doesn't know why such emotions were invoked in him, but he knows he can't succumb to them.

Nai's just a baby. We're brothers.

He's fifteen and *ashamed*. He doesn't want to lose what he has and what he'd just now gained.

"He likes you," Rem remarks proudly, looking at her sons. She doesn't know. She can never know.

Nai giggles even more, reaching out a small hand to touch Vash's lips. His touch is gentle, and Vash leans into it like a lifeline. "I'm glad," the teen replies, putting the bad thoughts to the back of his mind, and he puts on a smile. "I'm so happy."

Raising Nai is not an easy task—babies of any species need a lot of attention and care—but whenever Rem is working at Project SEED, Vash happily makes up for her absence. He learns to feed a baby, change diapers, clean up vomit, and everything in between. He can't seem to get the smell of milk off his clothes, and his friends take note, teasing him.

"You're like a young mother," Meryl comments, sighing sadly. "You have so much in front of you, but now look." She clicks her tongue, and she sings, "A MILF of only sixteen."

That makes Wolfwood, Vash's best friend, cackle, the Latino nearly choking on his half-finished cigarette. Millie gives him a sympathetic pat on the back while he struggles to get his breathing in check and once he's spit out all the ash from his mouth, he states, with a flirty smirk, "That's kinda hot."

Vash simply laughs, a little endeared by the notion. (Sometimes, he does wish Nai was his son instead of his brother. That feeling that stirred in the pit of his stomach has grown more and more familiar with each passing day, and it's beginning to curl up desperately inside him, writhing in agony.) "It's just what older brothers do," he says. "I don't hate it. I actually like taking care of Nai."

Millie coos. "That's so sweet," she says. "You're such a great brother."

If only that were true, Vash thinks. *A brother wouldn't . . .* "That's big praise coming from you, Millie!" He smiles at his friends, pretending that everything is okay.

Yes, raising Nai is not an easy task, but it's a satisfying one. That will have to do.

The years start passing by one by one, and with great joy, with great anticipation, Nai is growing up. In a blink of an eye, he goes from a baby that fits just right in Vash's arms to a toddler who can walk and talk better than anyone his age. At five, he can speak eloquently and understand subjects above his grade level—neither Vash nor Rem are surprised because Independents develop at a quicker pace, but nonetheless, they're proud of every achievement.

For Vash, he is grateful how easily the time passed; the obscene feeling of his slowly but surely began to fade away, simmering into a dying embers of sorts. He

does everything he could not to stroke it—*provoke it.* There's something wrong with him, Vash is sure, but Nai . . . Nai is pure.

At eight years old, Nai is the sweetest boy Vash has ever known, and he thinks so as he washes the dishes after lunch. Rem had left just moments ago for a late shift. Nai is sitting at the cleaned up dining table, doing some homework.

Well, he's supposed to be, but Vash feels a tug on his shirt. He turns off the tap and wipes his wet hands against the back of his thighs, turning to his adorable little brother. Nai jumps at him for a hug, and it's welcomed.

"What is it, Nai?" Vash asks, patting the clean cut head of yellow hair gently. He's laughing without any real reason, but that's simply bliss, isn't it?

"Vash, when I grow up," Nai says, smiling a smile that rivals even the sun, "I want to marry you." That smile gives air, water, and life, but his words pierce painfully in Vash's gut and twists.

A vile taste fills Vash's mouth, and he gingerly pushes Nai away for some space, ignoring the look of hurt that crosses his little brother's face. "You're so silly," Vash says, voice thick. "You can only say that to someone you like."

"I'm not being silly though," Nai replies, and he's serious. His smile is gone; his sky blue eyes are staring at Vash. "I love you, Vash." He places a hand on his heart. "I feel it right here. Only for you."

Don't say that, please. You don't know what you're saying, Nai. "I love you too."

Vash smiles, pretending that there is nothing more to Nai's claim—because there it isn't. Children say the darndest things, and it's up to the adults to correct them. "Now go do your homework," he continues, going back to the dishes. "Just because you're naturally talented doesn't mean smooth sailings, mister. You've got to work hard like everyone else." Ah, he has his own assignments to finish too; he should get to them soon. He's graduating this spring.

Vash doesn't know if he's relieved or not when he hears Nai walk back to the dining table and pick up his pencil. Only the sound of running water is heard in the kitchen, masking the sound of creaking hearts.

That night, something changed. It's subtle; anyone else wouldn't be able to tell the difference, but Vash knows. He can feel it. He feels it in the way Nai looks at him—*wanting*—and the way Nai touches him—*lingering*. Something in his sweet little brother changed that day, and it scares Vash.

So he pretends. Pretends he didn't understand. Pretends that he doesn't know. He is as ignorant to this as anyone else.

"Vash!"

He turns to the sound of his name, confused. The sun already set, and Nai is barely eleven—far too young to be out this late by himself.

Wolfwood turns too, raising a brow, but he's not shocked, keeping his arm on

Vash's shoulders. They'd just finished up their dinner date, and Wolfwood, being the gentleman, was walking Vash back home. They live half an hour away from each other. "Cute," Wolfwood says with a small smile. "Isn't he cold?"

It's mid-winter, and Nai is wearing only a shirt and jeans, no gloves, jacket, or even a scarf. Even Vash, now twenty-three, can feel the chill under his thick red jacket. "Nai!" he shouts with exasperation. "What are you doing out here?" he asks, worried. Nai runs into him, hugging him around the waist tightly. "You're freezing!"

Nai looks up with innocent eyes, a little frown on his shivering lips. "It was getting late and I didn't know where you were," he answers. "I got worried and went looking for you. I thought something happened to you. I'd be sad if anything happened to you, Vash."

Vash laughs sheepishly. "I was just out with Nic, Nai," he replies apologetically. "You don't have to worry about me, I can take care of myself. But you, on the other hand, have to get home right now. And never do this again."

"Okay, Vash." Nai continues to cling to Vash. "Carry me?"

It's hard to say no; Nai looks so small and frail in the winter chill, and he might get sick if he doesn't get into a warm bath soon. "Okay, okay," Vash says, lifting Nai into his arms, and Nai snuggles against his chest. "You're so heavy now." *He's growing up,* he thinks.

"I'm growing up," Nai says. It was as if he heard Vash's thoughts. "But don't worry, Vash, I'll always be with you forever and ever." He wraps his arms around Vash's neck, nuzzling his cold nose against Vash, sending a shiver down his spine.

Wolfwood snorts, pulling away. "Then I'll leave it to you, little brother," he says dryly, and he waves as he walks back the direction they came from.

"Night," Vash says, feeling a little cold on his back. "Let's go home, Nai. Nai?" His little brother's grip on him tightens. "Nai, what's wrong?"

"He's not good enough for you," Nai says, voice suddenly as cold as the air.

"Who, Wolfwood? He's a good guy. I like him very much. He's my boyfriend after all."

Nai scowls, a rare sign of aggression. "Are you . . . Are you going to leave me for him, Vash?" He presses his face into the crook of Vash's neck and lets out a sniffle, kissing at exposed skin with soft lips. "Don't leave me, I love you. I don't want you to go."

Vash's heart aches—because he doesn't want to leave Nai either. That is the last thing he wants to do. He starts walking them back home just a few blocks away. "I will always love you, Nai, but we can't be together forever you know. One day, you'll be an adult and do so many things. You'll find out that you don't need me for everything."

"That will never happen. I need you. We're meant to be together forever and ever."

That would be a dream, whispers something deep inside Vash, and he smiles through the thought. The way Nai said it made it seem like a promise . . .

"No matter what, I will always be your brother," Vash says instead. *So go far, far away from me. Please.*

In a blink of an eye, he's done with school and opened a flower shop like he'd always dreamed of. Meryl and Millie become reporters for the local news outlet. Wolfwood starts management at the orphanage he grew up in. More Independents are born, and Rem grows busier. Nai . . .

At fifteen, just a few centimeters shorter but so charming and so handsome, Nai decided to study abroad in the States at MIT on a full scholarship, following Rem in the field of bioengineering. He was brilliant beyond his age, turning heads wherever he went. The news both devastated and assured Vash, but this was a good thing. No more subtle touches, no more lingering stares, no more tension from just being in the same room alone, no more promises. It was only luck that Nai never really crossed the line of going too far and left without a look back.

For the first time in years, Vash truly believed in the peaceful life he had been living his whole life.

He's happy. He's got his longtime boyfriend who's a little rough on the edges but terribly kind. His friends are few, but he sees them almost every week. His mother is in good health and only moving forward with her dedication to Plants. His flower shop is running smoothly with many regulars he can recall by names, faces, anniversaries, and birthdays. He can carry himself with pride, unshackled by the shame of—

Vash sighs, putting down the pruning scissors on the counter where cut leaves and loose petals are scattered all around. In the middle is the project he's been working on after hours: white Easter lilies, pink carnations, and branches of chamaecyparis. He couldn't say no to the customer who'd ordered this—it'd be picked up tomorrow night—and he hopes such a bouquet won't be requested again for a good while. He's great with flowers but not with occasions like this one.

How odd that something as beautiful as flowers can be given in times of grief and sorrow. They can be reminders of what once was and what would never be again. Vash takes in a deep inhale, and once again, he listens to the yearning in his heart.

When Nai left, for better and for worse, the voice inside Vash quieted down, but it didn't fade away completely. It weeps in silence, begging to know, *Where is he? Where has he gone?* His heart and his mind have not been in tune since the day he and Rem took Nai to the airport and watched him board the plane that took him far, far away. Vash tries not to think of his little brother—helped and bothered by the lack of calls and letters—but *the loneliness* is so hard to ignore.

That's what Vash can't stand—what he can't forget every second of the day and every second of the night. For fifteen years, he'd never felt incomplete, only to be slowly ripped and torn asunder. The past four years, he's experienced greater happiness, and it only fills him with *emptiness*.

Vash never looked into his mother's research, even when he was the most afraid of himself; he wants to be human, so the less he knew, the better. Humans can be sick, and he is sick —there is no other explanation for it. How else could he have fallen for a child? *His own brother?*

Exhausted, he checks the clock hanging on his right. *10:37*. Where did all that time go? That's become such a redundant question in his life these days. Vash decides to call it a night and head home. Rem is at the lab late again. Nic is away on a field trip in the next city over, and Millie and Meryl are in Canada covering a story.

He starts to put things away in their proper places and clean up the counter. He does it swiftly, body working on muscle memory because he's done this dozens and dozens of times before. It never gets old, a thought that comforts him a little, and his mood picks up.

Ding-ding!

Vash rarely locks the door when he's in, even when the shop is closed, so he's not surprised that someone walked in this late. It's happened before, and he may have helped avoid a few heartbreaks. "Welcome!" he says, turning around. "Aren't you lucky . . ." He trails off in shock.

No matter how far, no matter how long, Vash will always recognize those eyes as clear as the sky, even in the dim lighting. A little taller, wider in frame, packed with muscles, Vash's late night guest walks into the shop as if he owns the place, closing the door behind him. *Ding-ding!* And locking the door. *Click!* He's wearing a light gray suit, ironed out neatly and without a speck of dirt, and his yellow hair is pushed back to show off his gorgeous face, more chiseled and mature.

"Vash," he says, voice deep and firm, and he smiles, bringing back memories.

"Nai!"

Vash steps around the counter and throws himself for a big embrace with a laugh. Big, strong arms catch him and hold him closely. It feels like a piece of him has returned, and Vash feels *alive*, heart jumping around in his chest. "I can't believe you're here," he manages to say without stuttering, holding back a tear. "You've gotten so big. And strong." He pulls back to take a closer look at his no-longer-little little brother, a hand resting on his back.

Being this close together for the first time in ages, Vash flushes, admiring Nai's impressive physique. (He ignores the sudden shortness of breath, attributing it to his excitement.) Nai's an adult now, a little over nineteen.

"I didn't know you were coming home," Vash continues, swallowing hard. There's a sweet smell in the air, and it's growing stronger. It's making his head all

fuzzy, but where is it coming from? "Let me finish cleaning up and we can talk more at home. Rem's going to be so happy to see you, Nai!"

"I'm not here for Rem," Nai says curtly, a smile still on his lips, and he places a hand on Vash's cheek gently. "I left to see how much you'd miss me. Four years is too long, Vash, but it seemed to be the right move. Look at you. You're as beautiful as I remember."

There's that look in his eyes again, his touch no longer just lingering. Nai's changed—or perhaps he's showing a side of himself he'd been hiding away just like Vash was. He'd been biding his time, waiting for just this moment.

Something in Vash tells him that, and realization hits him like a brick wall. It's *instinct*, and it reveals itself on Nai's pale skin, glowing in lines that curve and bend into a simple yet distinct pattern.

Vash's legs go limp, and only Nai is the only thing holding him up.

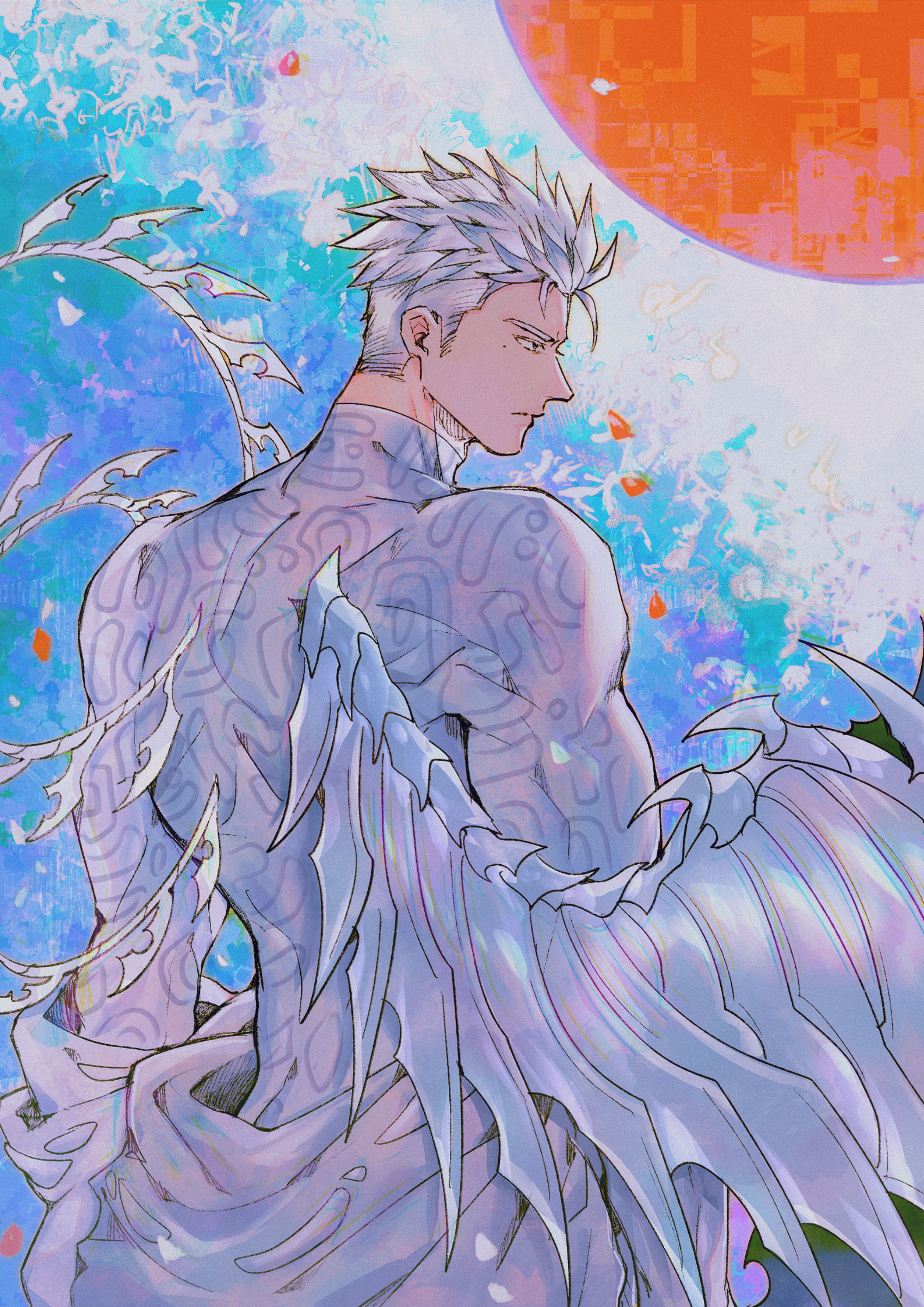
"Don't resist it," Nai whispers, lips ghosting against Vash's other cheek. "Give in to me. We've waited long enough."

The sweet smells intensifies and so does the glow—because they're coming from Vash too. The Plant pattern too marks his tanned skin, a mirror reflection of Nai's, and he feels the wetness between his legs, his body reacting without his permission, his heart singing joyously.

He's happy. He's *supposed* to be happy, but then why . . . Why is it so euphoric to be here, trembling in his little brother's embrace, tears streaming down the side of his face as Nai closes the last of the distance between them with a *kiss*?

Vash doesn't realize that he'd asked that out loud until he hears Nai chuckle, his hands and lips taking what's *his*.

"We're meant to be. From the day I was born, we belonged to each other. Only each other. Now, I will teach you what it means to be a Plant, my dear Vash."





Faerie Dust

Alex

Content Warning:

massive size difference | mild sexual content

Nai sensed their approach before he heard — or rather *smelled* them.

Nose wrinkling against the stench of beast filling his nostrils and tainting the carefully cultivated and maintained air of citrus and lilacs, Nai emerged from the clearing he'd been lounging in, small vines and flora clinging to his feet and calves as he glided deftly over the forest floor. The ruckus was a few feet ahead, at the mouth of the thicket encasing their little Eden, and that's where Nai found the massive furred lumps that were the offending creatures, huddled close and whispering between them, ears flickering back and forth in plain distress.

"He's gonna kill us!" one of them hissed, and Nai's brow furrowed further.

"It'll be fine, Liv," the other one said, voice gruff and low in a shameful attempt at a whisper.

"Just let me talk to him, I'm sure he'll crack up laughing in no time."

The wolves had yet to notice Nai's approach, but it allowed him to survey the situation more closely. It seemed they carried something in their hand-like paws, digits delicately cupped around an object that glittered in the brilliant sunlight filtering through the canopy above.

Strange, Nai scowled to himself. He sensed the comforting presence of his other half, a lilting, delicate scent that lingered at the edges of his perception but thrummed through his mind like the beat of a drum, hearty and strong. However, his brother was nowhere to be seen.

"Would you care to explain why you're stinking up the place, you cretins? I've told you not to come so close —"

Upon speaking, both wolves' heads shot up and whipped around, one wearing a face of shock and apprehension, while the scruffier of the two — *Nico*, Nai grumbled with disdain — simply smirked, clutching the shining thing in his hand close to his fuzzy breast. The pair of them were half-shifted, furry hides on display but with prominent human features, not unlike the forms most creatures of the forest took.

It was then, however, that Nai realized the tiny thing in Nico's hand wasn't just any sparkling object, but the beaming, brilliant smile of his brother.

Stark naked.

And proudly standing in the wolf's palm, hands planted on his hips.

The four of them fell silent, the wolves perhaps too worried to speak, Nai utterly confused and rather taken aback, and Vash wearing his anticipatory 'I know you want to ask' look.

Nai would *not* fall for it this time.

"Wolfwood."

The dog in question perked up ever so slightly, his ears tilting forward in the only acknowledgement he'd heard Nai at all. A well practiced and measured response.

"You have ten seconds to explain why my brother is the size of —"

"Nai! Nai I promise it's not their fault," Vash interrupted almost immediately, voice shrill to match his size. He waved his arms, grabbing Nai's attention begrudgingly, and Nai let go of the magic manifesting in his palm, already having half-formed a sharp branch.

"If it is not their fault, then why is it you who's barely larger than the watermelons in our garden."

Brilliant teal eyes blinked up at Nai, and for a moment he almost wasn't able to resist the urge to snatch him out of Wolfwood's filthy paws. It'd take hours to get their stench off of his brother's skin.

"Well, you see —"

"It was an accident, Knives," Wolfwood spoke gruffly, brown eyes meeting Nai squarely. "We pissed off some of the Fae nearby, picked one too many flowers or someshit. They wanted to punish us for 'defiling the beauty of the forest' or whatever but Vash insisted he take it instead. So. Small."

To punctuate the sentence, Wolfwood lifted Vash closer, palms still cupped gently as his brother clung to the tips of Wolfwood's fingers so he didn't topple over. Nai wasted no time in offering out his own hand, careful not to make contact with any part of the wolf's person, but focused on creating a bridge for his brother to clamber into his own upturned palms.

"You've been denizens of this forest for years and yet you still act like useless pups who don't know any better. You're lucky my brother is so… regrettably fond of you. Or I'd have certainly let the Fae have their way with you. In fact," Nai paused, the warmth of Vash's tiny bare feet on his palm sending a small note of relief through him. "You're quite lucky I don't make good on my promise of skinning you here and now."

"Nai!" Vash's tiny fist thumped uselessly against his palm, but his face was drawn in a stern pout. "Be nice, okay? It really was a mistake. Besides, being small isn't that bad!" He plopped down onto his butt in Nai's palm, leaning back against the gentle curve of his fingers in a crude, makeshift lounge. He grinned up towards Nai, and any disdain he had towards the pair of troublemakers vanished in an instant.

"You ask much of me, brother," Nai murmured, gently drawing his thumb alongside Vash's face, earning him a quiet hum and tiny hands clutching to the digit as he leaned into the touch. So small, so utterly fragile, even when he was his normal size… now? Now, a strong breeze could tear his lovely brother apart if he was not careful. How foolish of him to sacrifice himself for the mutts. "But," he sighed, eyes flickering to the wolves in question, who'd begun to shrink away now that they've delivered their cargo. "I thank you for bringing him back safely to me. Now begone, I must undo the magic and it requires the utmost concentration."

Nai turned without any preamble then, set on returning to his comfortable little alcove where his books and supplies were. Surely he'd have something on the Fae trickeries they were so sickeningly fond of, some dusty tome that would allow him to return his brother to normal without having to resort to bending to the whimsical whims of the Fae who cast the spell. He always hated dealing with Fae. Much too cheery. Much too mischievous. It's no wonder Vash got along so well with them.

It was odd, though, carrying his brother so effortlessly like so. As small as he is, Nai could easily wrap his fingers around his tiny body, much like a toy. It amused him as much as it irritated him. It's a blessing the wolves didn't crush him in their brutish claws.

Vash had sprawled out on his palm, basking in the dappled sunlight through the leaves above as Nai carried him, and he couldn't help but admire the rich expanse of his exposed skin. Vash wasn't one to wear much clothing as it was, content in the animal-skin hides that Nai provided him, ensuring they were sewn in a way to accentuate his beauty — Nai was adamant that he must present himself with regality and respect, for they were deities in their own rights — but it was still a pleasurable treat to have his skin bared for admiration.

"You're staring," Vash hummed, drawing Nai from his thoughts. He sighed, glancing up in time to step over a gnarled tree branch.

"Is it a crime?" Nai responded teasingly, flexing his hand to cup Vash more wholly in his palm, caressing him on all sides. "You should be admired.

Vash flushed, all the way down to his chest, and he looked away, flustered. He battered playfully at the pads of Nai's fingers, and he laughed softly to himself. "I thought you'd be more upset."

"Upset?" Nai echoed, his thumb tapping gently on Vash's small chest. "Perhaps. But it is not every day that I get the excuse to fully pamper and coddle you.

Perhaps I'm simply enjoying it to the fullest, having you helpless in the palm of my hand."

"I don't need pampering, Nai," Vash whined, pushing away his thumb. He wobbled to his knees, bracing his weight on Nai's forefinger, a determined smile on his face. "I can handle myself just fine, even if I'm small." He barely managed to get to his feet, jostled every time Nai took a step, even though he kept them measured and even.

"Careful," Nai sighed, fixated on the bare expanse of his brother's body in his palm. Not a hint of shame, all confidence and it made his chest swarm with warmth.

"Nai, it's fine, calm down — whoa!" Vash was cut off as Nai stepped over another series of tree roots, unprepared for how tall they were, he needed to counterbalance with his hand, and —

Without thinking, Nai clasped his other hand around Vash, catching him just before he tumbled out of his palm and onto the forest floor. He stumbled, a little off-balance now, before practically tumbling to his knees. He hissed, cursing his distraction, worried for Vash —

He was safe in his cupped hands, having fallen over onto his back, Nai's eyes widened a touch at the tiny hands and legs wrapped tightly around his fingers, wide blue eyes staring back at him. Vash giggled nervously, the pair of them quiet for a moment as they regained their bearings. Nai, recovering from nearly squeezing his brother to death in his need to keep him from falling, and Vash trying to calm his racing heartbeat after nearly tumbling headfirst onto the forest floor.

"Vash," Nai grumbled, settling back to brace himself against a tree, relieved to see his brother unhurt, but finding it hard to resist the urge to chastise him.

"Oops! Okay, hey, I'm okay, you got me, we're all good here, yeah? I'll be fine, Nai," Vash sighed, prising himself off of Nai's fingers with a sigh.

"You could have been seriously hurt," Nai admonished, shifting his hold on Vash so he could start to prod at him with a free hand, worried to find any bruising. Vash grumbled, attempting to push away Nai's questing fingertips, flushed bright red in indignance. "Nothing aches? Are you sure you're alright?"

Nai pushed past Vash's halfhearted defenses, lifting an arm to check his ribs, gently using his fingertips to turn him over in his palm to check his back, running a finger down the length of his hip to ensure there was nothing amiss.

"Nai!" Vash raised his voice, roughly pulling away from his brother's touch, and his eyes widened slightly, noticing now that his brother was panting heavily, drawing his legs up close to him as he attempted to glare sternly up at him. Of course, all of the effect was lost due to the heavy blush on his cheeks. "Y-you don't need to do that, I'm fine, I promise."

Nai frowned, letting his gaze roam across Vash's body, still apprehensive to believe his brother. If he was hurt and trying to hide it… but there was a distinct scent on the breeze, airy and sweet, and Nai realized all at once what was happening. He couldn't help the smirk that plastered itself to his lips, he couldn't help the way he settled in more comfortably against the tree, bringing his hand closer to his face, earning him a small sound from his brother.

"Are you?" Nai asked knowingly, heart leaping at the way Vash's eyes widened a touch and he huffed, glaring off into the distance in embarrassment.

"Yep."

"Mmm, truly?" Nai murmured, admiring the flush staining his brother's skin. He shifted his hand to graze his thumb against his arm, delighted in the way Vash jumped, eyes wide and now staring directly up at him.

"Nai," Vash breathed quietly, almost so quiet that he couldn't be heard over the rush of blood in Nai's ears.

"If you wanted me to touch you, all you had to do was ask, dear brother."

Nai couldn't deny his own excitement, the need to see Vash writhing in pleasure on his palm, all due to Nai's influence. There was something intoxicating about sharing in and poaching his brother's sweet pleasure, indulging and gorging on it until they both had their fill. But Vash was one to get overwhelmed easily, losing himself in the sensations, pulling away, denying himself. Now, however, there was nowhere for Vash to cower away to, no way for him to hide his body's sweet song from Nai.

Vash offered no resistance as Nai gently ran a fingertip across his thighs, still pulled up defensively to his chest, but he didn't miss the full body shudder that ran through his small form. Didn't miss the way his eyelashes fluttered and he bit his lip, eyes glued to where Nai was touching him. It was all so easy to nudge those thighs apart, Nai's nostrils flaring as the barest hint of Vash's arousal tainted the air around them. Like orchids in bloom, cloying and intoxicating, Nai hummed pleasantly.

One hand acted as a platform, bracing Vash's upper body, his thumb and pinky clutched tightly by Vash's small hands as his thighs fell open, baring himself fully to his brother. The other was delicate in the way it smoothed across skin, warmed by the sunlight, reverent in the way it dragged across his chest, each dip of muscle drawn taut as Vash fought the sensations.

"Look at you," Nai hummed, smiling to himself. "I've not yet done anything and you're already trembling."

"Nai —" Vash whimpered softly, scowling. "It's… it's a lot, I'm —" He gasped softly as Nai let the pad of his forefinger press against his bare sex, oh-so-gently, but it sent a full body quake through his brother, his thighs trembling. "Wow."

The finger pulled away wet, just the tiniest little spot of slick, and Nai brought it to press flat against his tongue, relishing in his brother's taste but bemoaning how little of it there was. Perhaps he could remedy that, however.

Without any warning or preamble, Nai brought Vash closer, tilting his palm so that his brother's hips hovered just under his nose, breathing in the thin scent of his arousal in the air. It's a shame, truly, that Nai can't indulge to his fullest with Vash as small as he is. He craved his brother's taste, letting his lips press reverently to the insides of his thighs, relishing in how small he felt against him.

"Nai!" Vash yelped, attempting to snap his thighs shut. "What are you — *oh, gods* — Nai," Vash whimpered softly, his body seizing and the words dying in his throat as Nai kissed the spot between his legs, forcing Vash's legs to bracket his face in an obscene spread.

Vash's hands braced themselves on Nai's nose, his whole body curling in on itself at the very first peak of his tongue past his lips, completely soaking his pussy in saliva. Nai could barely taste him, much to his disappointment, but the sounds wrenched from his brother's chest was like a symphony to him. He moaned loudly, voice breaking as nai lapped at him, breathing harshly through his nose as he pleasured him. He flicked his tongue gently over his slick folds, making Vash jolt with each drag over his clit, too many sensations assaulting him at once for him to focus on a specific one. Nai grinned against him, sealing his lips to Vash's flesh as he ate him out obscenely.

"I'm — Nai!" Vash cried, his back arching to press harshly against Nai's nose, his hips jolting and grinding down on his tongue, desperately chasing his release. Nai cupped him gently, eyes fluttering shut at the sounds of his brother's pleasure. He was soaked, mostly from Nai's spit, soaking his palm and Vash's entire lower body as he rode out his peak, shouting at the top of his tiny lungs as his hips seized, jerking as each wave of pleasure crashed over him.

Nai did not stop, however, he did not stop until Vash's face was wet with tears, voice cracking from overstimulation, little fists battering at his face to try and get away from the onslaught of pleasure. Nai tore another orgasm from him, tasting the sour tang of his brother's release on his tongue finally, moaning softly at the flavor.

It was almost imperceptible, the small, lilting giggle that pierced through Vash's cries of pleasure, and Nai finally released Vash's lower half from its wet prison, his brother a limp mess on his palm. The light filtering through the trees shone brightly, refracting at odd angles, and Nai barely noticed the flicker of movement on his periphery.

There was a flash of light, the stench of fresh dew and grass, and Nai barely had a moment to lower his hand before Vash shouted. A heavy weight landed on Nai then, forcing all the air from his lungs as a tangle of limbs assaulted him, pinning him in place in an instant.

“Hey!” Vash yelped, a puff of pollen displaced as he tumbled directly on top of Nai, now normal sized but in a heap on his lap, turned upside down, bare ass nearly in Nai’s face.

“Ooooh ~ what a lovely show~!” Another voice giggled, tiny and lilting, and Nai wheezed, trying to force air back into his body after his brother nearly knocked him out. “We hope you learned your lesson~!”

Nai groaned, bringing his hands up to try and pry Vash off of him, stopping only when the heady scent of his arousal hit him in full force, his head spinning with his own sudden lust. Vash propped himself up on his elbows, his back arched as he glanced over his shoulder, a guilty look on his face. Nai’s hands found Vash’s sides, planting them possessively on the swell of his hips, relishing in the full, warm feeling of his brother’s body against his once again.

“I see,” Nai murmured, dragging one hand down to cup Vash’s ass, fingers digging into muscle to part his glistening folds. “It seems the Fae have had their fill of their prank, how fortunate for us.”

Vash laughed nervously, letting his head hang low as Nai dipped his thumb into the wetness coating Vash’s entire pussy. “I guess so.”

“Then, how about we continue where we left off, brother?”



Beware the Mongoose and Its Enamored Snake

alisayamin

Content Warning:

exhibitionism | plant genitalia | penetrative sex

It always began with a distant ringing in his ears, a frequency that was too high for humans and their recording equipment. It was the only blessing in this humiliating ordeal – the humans would never be able to hear Vash in the throes of carnal pleasure as he was taken apart and put together again piece by piece by his brother.

Vash himself couldn't even hear the sound his body was emitting, writhing as he was in the nest the humans had prepared. The sound was meant for Nai and Nai alone. A beckoning, calling out to him, a desperate plea for his seed, to restore all that Vash had lost.

As Nai loomed over his brother's heated body, he gave a once over at the fogged up glass chamber they were in, eyeing the humans who were no doubt watching them avidly. He couldn't see them but he could feel their presence on the other side. Observing. Recording.

"We'd like to study your genitals, if possible," one of the researchers had asked.

Vash sheepishly reminded, "Uh- About that… Conrad tried before but it's a little shy…" He eyed Nai briefly. "My genitals only—"

"Yes, I'm aware that you only bloom when entering your restoration period with your brother. Perhaps I wasn't clear. I'd like to study your genitals while under live viewing of your unique… copulation."

Nai had bristled and watched Vash stiffen alongside him. If Vash hadn't gripped Nai's hand to the point of bruising, Nai would've slammed the human into the wall for his crude suggestion.

"…Nai…!" Vash grinded up to him, desperate to have Nai's body against his, to feel their marked skins sliding together.

Nai pressed a kiss onto his brother's lips, pushing him down in a smooth motion, devouring Vash's minute pleading noises until he was panting and laid back comfortably on the slightly curved plush surface. Vash was too far gone to realise Nai was distracting him.

Deepening the kiss, Nai called upon his gate - gentle vines of metal and their folded leaf-like blades protruding from his back and towards his brother's pliant body. Gently prying Vash's hands from his face, Nai pinned them to where his brother's ankles had been pulled wide by metal coils. He bound Vash's ankles and wrists together on both sides before Nai drew himself back.

Vash made a tiny, confused sound, his eyebrows scrunched in a frown as he pulled against his restraints, spreading himself even wider, putting his own closed genitals on display.

Gentle fingers brushed the sweat slicked hair from Vash's forehead, before trailing down to his flushed cheek in an act of assurance. Vash couldn't help but lean into Nai's palm, nuzzling into it. When Nai pulled away, Vash tried to follow his brother's hand but Nai lightly pressed Vash's chest back down.

He shifted lower, easing down between Vash's widespread legs to meet the trembling folds, so eager to greet him. Nai softly kissed the centre of the quivering sex, lightly flicked his tongue between the crevice of the outermost folds, watched as it twitched and throbbed, recognising him, his taste. Vash's back arched with a sharp cry that broke on a moan as his genitals unfurled, unfolded, and *bloomed* for his brother.

"You'd truly agree to such a thing?!"

"Nai—"

"They want you displayed at your most vulnerable! At ***our*** *most vulnerable! Like nothing more than animals in heat—"*

"Nai!" Vash gripped his brother's face and pulled him close. "Listen to me."

With his chest still heaving from anger, Nai closed his eyes. And listened.

"We have no one on our side on this ship. You know why they're asking this of us now instead of before or later."

Vash was not entirely incorrect in his assumptions. The humans that treated them as equals were all currently in various stages of their periodic 10-year cryogenic sleep. Rem

would have never allowed for this to happen. This was calculated. The researcher had waited till there was no one who could veto this crude experiment of his.

"If we don't do this… They'll just wait for the next chance."

When Nai finally looked at Vash, their eyes both reflected the same veil of determination, sharing strength and silent strategy.

"So we bargain," Nai suggested.

"Yeah," Vash sighed with a smile at Nai's deference. "We bargain."

Vash whined in frustration as Nai simply held down the vulval petals with his fingers pressing lightly against the rows of bumps on the surface of the inner folds. The petals wriggled and undulated towards Nai, eager to attach to his face or groin as it so often did before. But Nai kept his distance, only occasionally grazing kisses against the small nubs on the petals or lapping up his brother's dew of arousal that was erotically dripping from that wet, puckering slit.

Vash was so unfeasibly responsive, canting his hips, doing all he could in his bound state to press his need towards Nai's face. Each time Nai's tongue neared his slit, the delicate stroke just shy of pressing in, Vash would gasp out a plea, head thrown back and thighs strained from his desperation.

Nai swallowed back his own desire to respond to his brother's needs. The sound was ringing louder in his ears but Nai kept himself calm. Vash wasn't aware of anything at the moment except for his pressing desire to have Nai inside him but they had discussed what needed to happen for this show of theirs.

If Nai could keep Vash's bloomed state for more than 10-minutes worth of recording material, neither of them would ever have to participate in any experiments of similar nature for the foreseeable future. It was an agreement made between them, as PLANTs, against all humans. Nai would ensure, for Vash's sake, that the current run would be done right. It had taken weeks before the pests had even considered agreeing to anything of the sort.

"It's for your own benefits, of course. We have all the records for your brother's but not yours. In case of emergencies, at least we'd have the knowledge to assist you."

Nai scoffed. As if the researchers had any kind of altruistic reasons to study their genitals. Nai had been young and naïve when they had conducted similar tests on him

before Rem had found out and swiftly shut down the whole operation. The current band of researchers were no different towards Vash now that all the higher authorities who favoured the twins were asleep.

Vash had smiled at the researcher's reasoning, although it did not quite reach his eyes.

It was a mercy that none of them would be able to prod Vash's sensitive petals. Nai wouldn't hesitate to cut off the fingers of any who dared to touch his brother's sex.

A more genuine smile was sent in Nai's direction as Vash picked up his surface thoughts. Nai received a sense of gratitude mixed with a reprimand, probably discouraging Nai from partaking in such violent acts but appreciating the sentiment nonetheless.

They had never extended the restoration process. It usually took less than a few minutes due to the urgency Vash projected. Nai had plenty of other opportunities to make Vash writhe beneath him after all. This was also why Vash had warned him that if Nai did things differently, Vash in his drunken state would start to grow anxious or weary. Vash was not completely aware during the restoration process, not before Nai filled him up at least, but he would know when something was wrong or would at least begin questioning why Nai was stalling.

Vash's head swivelled to stare at the fogged glass, body tensing up as he tried to assess for any threats. Nai shifted upwards, slotting himself once more between his brother's legs, reaching out to push back Vash's sweaty bangs.

"Eyes on me, Vash," Nai commanded. "It's just you and me."

Trusting eyes blinked back heavily at Nai. Vash sank back into the soft surface when Nai extended his gate to cover them in a makeshift dome. The recording tool was inside with them, thus there was no reason for Vash to question their privacy at the moment. Vash had gone limp, languid and calm because Nai's heavy pulsing phallus-shaped organ was rubbing deliciously against Vash's warm, swollen, dripping slit. Anticipation and gratitude oozed from Vash, knowing he wouldn't be tortured by the lack of penetration for much longer.

Nai knew there was still two minutes of footage promised but one look at Vash's current physical state told him they could not afford to prolong the restoration process as initially planned. The purpose of the whole procedure was to reset Vash's core but the act itself actively drained what little reserve his brother had left until Nai did his part. The darker notes in his brother's hair, how the underside and roots had completely turned ebony, Nai knew Vash would burn out very soon if they did not hasten their copulation.

Humans be damned.

"We have stipulations," Nai sternly intoned.

Some hackles raised at the statement but none were verbal. The head researcher sighed. "Name them."

Uniting their bodies was always an indescribable affair. The way his organ flared from the bottom up once he had completely penetrated Vash's sensitive crevice and the responding clench that got Nai trembling from head to his toes, it was otherworldly. The vulval corolla vibrated in excitement as each petal folded and wrapped around every inch of Nai's skin the bumps could latch onto. And Vash, his beautiful baby brother, oh the sounds he made from his mouth and body, it was harmonious. A song only Nai had the pleasure of listening to.

When Vash arched sensually from the initial penetration, Nai slipped his arm under his brother's back, leaning down to lay open mouth kisses on Vash's torso, appreciating the way the muscles flexed under his lips as Vash adjusted around his girth. No matter how many times Nai wrecked his brother's soft, inviting blossom, every copulation felt as it did during their first clumsy attempt endless stars ago.

"...Nai…! Na—ii!"

And that was all Vash could say. Only his brother's name on his tongue, on the edge of a breathless gasp. Like a desperate prayer from a damned sinner.

Nai didn't need to thrust his hips but he was aware how much his Eve enjoyed the way his flared cock would catch against those greedy lips when he pulled back and pushed back in. The way Vash keened and softly screamed as he struggled futilely against his bindings, it drove Nai to completion. Unlike during their usual lustful acts of pleasure, Nai's ejaculation pulled something from within him, something akin to his lifeforce, Conrad had once said.

There was an ache that grew into a gaping hole inside him but the thought that it would heal Vash, would lengthen Vash's life, then Nai would sacrifice anything. Any part of him. Every part of him.

"...no need… so dramatic, Nai…"

Nai hadn't realised he had closed his eyes until he opened them to the gentle teasing voice of his brother, an euphonious sound that eased his own pain. Relief unlike any other washed over Nai at the sight of Vash's hair returning to that

singular shade of gold Nai could never replicate in his drawings and the growing clarity in those beautiful knowing eyes. His Vash…

"...my Nai…" Vash whispered in return, mirroring Nai's thoughts.

Nai didn't have the strength to feel surprised when his brother's previously bound hands softly touched his cheeks, his touch so warm that Nai subconsciously let out a wordless sound, banked on comfort and tranquility. The coils of his gate were loosely slipping from Vash's wrists, his powers weakening with each spurt from his genitals.

Vash allowed himself to be rejuvenated, absorbing his brother's seeds with the thirst of a dying man.

"Deeper Nai, yes… That's it," he said into Nai's mouth, voice still shaky, replete with encouragement and tinged with pleasure. He wrapped his legs around Nai's hips, peppering kisses onto his brother's face. Vash knew he wasn't going to be satisfied until—

—*there.*

With synchronous gasps, Vash unwrapped his legs to help shift his lower body, shoving himself desperately against Nai's feeble thrusts, feeling his brother's phallus undulate against his inner walls, his own vulval petals vibrating from sheer anticipation of what was to come. Vash threw his head back with a silent scream when he felt Nai begin to blossom inside him, the phallic petals unfurling without pause, forcing itself against Vash's inner walls, releasing copious amounts of seeds directly inside him, filling him up nicely, faster than what his body could absorb.

It was the way he was forced to accommodate Nai's punishing efflorescence that made Vash dig his fingers into Nai's back and his toes into the plush bedding beneath him, trembling at the intensity of it.

Vash helplessly spurted around the intrusion, breath stalled in his chest as he reached the highest euphoric state after being on the cusp of it for what felt like hours. And when he could finally breathe, when he regained his bodily autonomy, Vash let out all his pleasure in a single shuddering cry, the tension caused by the exquisite pleasure ebbing into little tingles under his skin.

It was just in the nick of time as Nai's arms suddenly gave out and he collapsed into Vash's awaiting embrace. Nai made another sound, a softer one, exhausted but sensually content from another successful restoration process. Vash settled comfortably, his body already happily moulded around his brother's flowering shaft, holding Nai close and nipping at his cheek. Their bodies would be locked together for a few hours at the very least. Sleep usually claimed Nai at this point but his brother wouldn't be himself without their classic stubborn streak that annoyed Rem and everyone else to their wit's end.

"Nai," Vash cooed with another nip to his brother's nose. "It's alright now. You can rest."

Nai stared at Vash with glazed eyes before shifting his sight to the glass dome around them.

"Don't mind them. Look at me," Vash urged and with each word, his gate unlocked and roots began creeping across the white sheets, tiny wooden tendrils curling around Nai's limbs, responding to Vash's desire to keep them safe. His thumbs rubbed slow circles beneath Nai's drooping eyes. Vash bumped his forehead gently against his brother's, urging kindly once more, "*Rest,* Nai."

'I'll protect you like you protected me. I'll protect us,' Vash projected mentally to Nai.

At long last, Nai's body slumped forward and his eyes fluttered close. Instantaneously, Vash carded his fingers through Nai's hair and crushed the foreign object hidden within, crumpling it to dust. With his core strength fully restored, he could feel the humans on the other side of the dome.

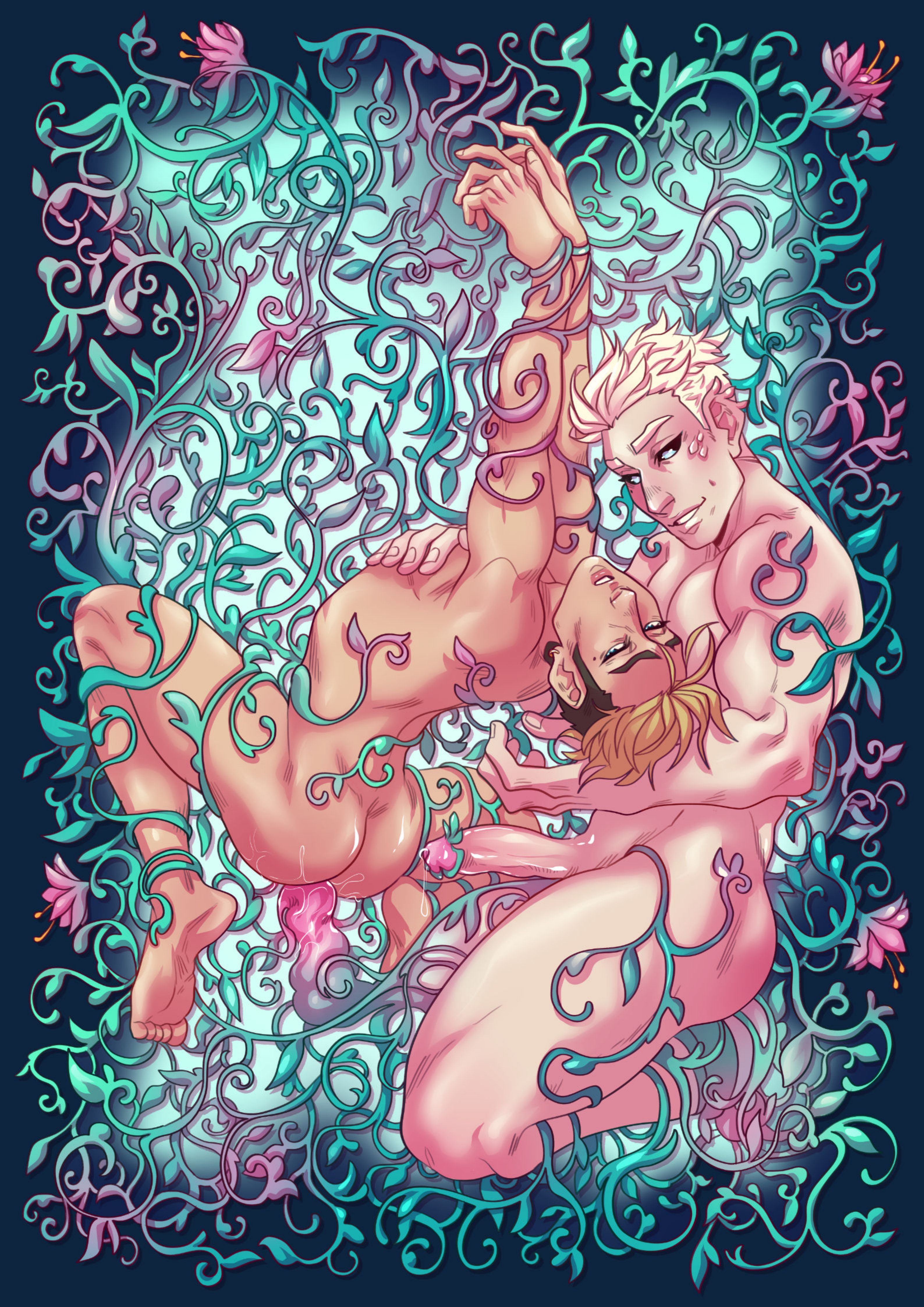
Their disappointment was palpable over the barrier - from the useless audio that was being actively overridden by the PLANT frequency Vash was still emitting to the heavily encrypted recording file they extracted through the device planted in Nai's hair. It came as no surprise that they had immediately tried to void the stipulations demanded. It wasn't even that much. The twins had only requested that all visual recordings of the particular timestamp of Vash's blooming would first be viewed by Dr. Conrad and filtered for others he deemed trustworthy.

Vash scoffed at the humans. As if Nai would allow just any researcher to study Vash's body. Both of them had poured weeks into figuring out the proper coding to thwart anything the researchers might attempt. They even used multiple identifications to override all the ship's systems and devices, ensuring nothing would be missed, not even external recording tools.

The researchers' dissatisfaction meant their plan had worked. Vash smiled to himself and began opening his gate wider, allowing his root-like powers to bloom a more comfortable surface for his Nai to rest. Letting out another heated sigh as Nai deposited more of his seeds inside him, Vash gently rolled them over a bed of large deep purple blooms and settled himself atop Nai's chest, fingers idly dancing across Nai's exposed skin, interspersed with hands gentling up and down Nai's bare arms and his sides. The interior of the dome was soon fully covered, away from prying eyes at last.

An eerie hum could be heard echoing from the glass enclosure, sounding horrific to human ears, something that was beyond their vocal capacity. It was an otherworldly tune that was never meant for them.

Inside the wooden cocoon, Vash quietly sang the song belonging to Nai and himself, an Eve's lullaby to ease Adam's slumber into the land of dreams.



Terminal Velocity

Bjorn

Content Warning:

explicit sexual content | vaginal sex

The job should've been easy. A quick medical run from the core to Gunsmoke, cargo hold packed full of medication and equipment the Galactic Union refuses to provide to the outer systems. Piece of cake, right? Vash does runs like this all the time. The Intragalactic Police Fleet rarely gives a shit about smuggling of legal goods—not that they wouldn't fuck up a crew if they found out they were doing it on a 'routine' search, but they've got their hands too full with the extensive black market trading going back and forth between the core and the outer systems to care much about people running stolen medical equipment and tech.

That isn't to say the IPF doesn't have a raging boner to lock Vash up. His face is plastered on every planet from New Terra to the outer systems, advertising a steep price for his capture. They want him alive, thankfully, but Vash honestly thinks it's a bit of an overreaction for a humble supply smuggler like himself.

Vash is happily munching on a donut when his proximity alarms start blaring. Surprise jerks through his body, making him flail his arms out for purchase as his unconventional perch upon his seat betrays him. Halfway slid onto the ground, Vash shoves the rest of his donut in his mouth and punches his sugar-sticky fingers into the ship's controls as he returns to sitting normally.

An IPF ship just entered the range of his sensors. If it isn't locked onto him, he'll be able to make a quick escape—but it only takes a few seconds to tell that the ship is set on a direct course to his location.

"Fuck," he mumbles through a mouthful of donut, spraying crumbs over the console. *"Fuck."*

The ship is a cruiser, so it isn't very big in the grand scheme of things, but it's a hell of a lot bigger than Vash's tiny little hunk of scrap metal. As soon as they're close enough to trap him in a gravity sink, he's done for—and he doesn't have a whole lot of time before that happens.

Vash's hands fly across the console, gearing up the ship to enter warp space. They'll *definitely* see his escape, but at this point, it doesn't really matter—warping out of this sector will give him an extra few minutes before they can track him through warp space, which opens up a lot more escape options than he currently has time for.

"Come on, come on, *come on*," he pleads, his leg bouncing with anxiety as the warp drive powers up at an *abysmally* slow pace. Is it always this slow? Surely it isn't always this slow. The seconds crawl by slower than a zygg slug swimming through a tar pit.

By the time the warp drive powers up, it's a split second too late—the comms ping just before the drive activation screen lights up green, and before he can even open the message, he feels the ship shudder as it's locked into the gravity sink.

"Fuck!" Vash sobs dramatically, throwing his arms in the air. The message from the IPF ship begins playing automatically.

"Vash Saverem, stand down," his brother's voice crackles over the shitty cockpit speakers. He sounds… almost bored. *"Shut down your warp drive, and if you value your life,* don't *arm yourself."*

"Nai?" At the sound of his brother's voice, Vash shuts down the warp drive, stumbles out of his seat, and slides down the ladder from the cockpit. Metal bangs under his feet as he crosses the length of the ship to the cargo bay; his ship is small enough that it barely takes ten seconds. "This is good," he mutters to himself. This is going to be *fine*.

The entire ship jolts, signaling to Vash that it's now attached to the cruiser. A light shudder passes through the ground, then the cargo bay door whirs as the cruiser's airlock begins pressurizing. Vash has about fifteen seconds to make a game plan before his brother walks through the airlock to detain him, and he doesn't have a lot of options. Containers full of smuggled contraband are stacked haphazardly around the cargo bay; there's no chance he'll be able to do anything about that. His gun is holstered at his hip, permanently modified to be stuck on stun, but that won't get him very far against a ship full of IPF officers. Especially not a ship full of IPF officers *commanded by his brother.* Nai is known for his sharpshooting skills just as much as Vash is. Vash might be able to take a few officers down with him, but it won't do him much good.

Not even a hint of a plan manages to piece itself together in his mind by the time the cargo bay door opens with a low hiss.

Instinctively, his hand flies to his hip, going for his gun. Regret blooms across his vision in the form of a laser blast aimed directly at his hand, instantly rendering that hand completely numb aside from a faint tingling.

"Ow!" he whines, shaking his wrist in a futile attempt at regaining feeling in his hand. It'll be a few hours before it's back in working order. *"Nai!"*

With a sigh, Nai slides his own gun back into its holster and crosses his arms. He's flanked by two officers in black from head to toe, carrying much bigger guns across their chests. Their faces are obscured by glossy black masks. Nai's own uniform is white and pristine, matching his bleached platinum hair and eyebrows, the only hint of color in the blue of his eyes and the insignias denoting his rank

attached to his collar. "I told you not to arm yourself, Vash."

Vash ignores him in favor of voicing the primary question on his mind. "You only brought two officers with you? Do you really think so little of me?"

Nai raises an eyebrow at him. "Do you really think so highly of yourself?"

"You could at least *pretend* you're worried about me escaping," Vash mumbles, begrudgingly putting his hands up as the two officers crowd around him to lock shock cuffs on his wrists. One of them holds a weird gun-shaped thing to his wrists and pulls the trigger, sending a tiny jolt of pain through his arm. When it pulls away, there's a black symbol on his wrist next to a tiny array of other identical symbols—the logo for Nai's branch of the IPF, which he gets etched into his skin every time Nai arrests him.

This one definitely won't be the last. Nai is very good at catching Vash—keeping him locked up is another story entirely.

"Take him to the brig," Nai orders, nodding at the two officers. They shove Vash out into the airlock and begin marching him down familiar white halls lined with strips of blue light.

He wiggles a bit as they walk, trying to break free of their grip, but it's useless. They've got a damn good grip on him. Nai's crew are all top of the line IPF officers, trained in a frankly ridiculous number of combat styles, most with personal recommendations from the Grand Admiral themself. If Vash hadn't deserted when he was fifteen, and stayed in the Academy with his brother, he probably would have been Nai's first pick.

Cops suck, though. Vash isn't about that kind of work; as soon as the Academy started to reveal the IPF's true colors, Vash was out faster than a Julian sailer drops to warp space.

He and Nai are drawn together like magnets, though, in such a way that you might think it's a physical sensation pulling them back together. That's why Vash started smuggling—and why he always, inevitably, ends up back here on Nai's ship, being thrown into the brig by faceless IPF officers.

"How long am I gonna be in here?" Vash asks, his gaze flickering over to one of the officers' hands as they enter a passcode into a touch panel on the wall and the door to the brig slides open, revealing a short row of empty cells. He receives no response from either of them.

They push him unceremoniously into the first cell and he falls on his ass, arms flailing out to catch himself a split second too late.

"Ow," he complains. As he climbs back to his feet and glances around the cell, a wall of energy materializes in the entrance to the cell, blocking the only way out with enough voltage to kill a man. The safety regulations on IPF vessels are *very* lax. "That wasn't very nice!" he calls out, but the two officers are already gone.

"Ugh."

He's been in this cell before, so there's not much of interest to him. There's an uncomfortable cot, a button on the wall that makes a toilet pop out, a table with rounded edges built into the wall, and a stool that's bolted to the ground. Literally nothing else.

Thankfully, he probably won't be in here for very long. All he has to do is talk to his brother—Nai always ends up letting him go.

He just has to wait until Nai comes down here to talk to him.

Alas, that proves to be more difficult than he anticipated. Sometimes it only takes Nai fifteen minutes to come chat with him, but sometimes it takes several days, and Vash has no way of knowing which one it'll be this time. Vash isn't *that* bad at waiting, but he just gets so excruciatingly *bored*, and the growing anticipation in the pit of his stomach is *not* helping.

It's in times like these that Vash wishes he'd opted to get that implant installed in his head, so he'd be able to more easily keep track of passing time. He really needs to start thinking about getting that done one of these days.

It feels like hours before Nai finally shows up. Vash is sitting on the cot picking at his prosthetic fingers when the door to the brig slides open and Nai steps through, wearing that same tired expression he always has.

Vash jolts to his feet and approaches the energy wall with an easy grin. "Nai! You finally came for me."

All he gets in response is an irritated little huff. Nai flicks his wrist and the lights in the brig flicker, then the red light on the camera in the corner blinks off and the energy wall fizzles out.

"My ship better not be—*mpfh!*" Vash is cut off abruptly by his brother's lips smashing against his. Nai grabs onto his jacket and pushes him backwards until his back hits the wall of the cell, aggressively deepening the kiss with teeth and tongue. There's a clear undercurrent of desperation in the way Nai touches him; probably fueled by the months they've spent apart. The only time they ever get together is here, in this cell, desperately fucking out their pent-up sexual tension before they jump right back into their game of cat and mouse.

Nai starts stripping off Vash's clothes while he kisses him. His jacket comes off first, then his black undershirt—which tears in half in Nai's hands. Vash moans into his brother's mouth as Nai's fingers dig into his waist, pulling their bodies flush against one another.

"Don't rip my pants," he says quickly, pulling back from the kiss, when Nai begins to tug at his waistband a little too roughly for his taste. "I don't wanna walk out of here naked."

"Fine," Nai bites out. He's a little more gentle as he pulls Vash's pants down, leaving him bare and naked against the cold wall. The only thing he's still wearing are his boots, but those are secured pretty tightly to his prosthetic legs and he doesn't think Nai will even try to bother with them.

"Aren't you gonna take your clothes off?" Vash whines, tilting his head to allow Nai access to his neck. Nai's teeth scrape against his skin, biting red marks into his skin that are sure to remain for days.

"Do you ever stop talking?" Nai shoots back. He sinks his teeth into the juncture of Vash's neck, and Vash bites his lip to keep himself from moaning. Nai is a *biter*. It's a serious problem that he's had since birth. There are at least a dozen scars in the rough shape of Nai's bite throughout the years, from a tiny and deformed scar from when Nai bit a chunk out of his hip when they were kids to a much more recent and much larger scar from just a few months ago.

"What is this, the questions game?" Vash lifts one leg up to Nai's hip and grins into his brother's mouth when Nai catches his thigh and lifts his other leg around his waist. Vash kicks his feet happily. "I'll shut up if you take your clothes off and put your dick in me."

Nai groans in annoyance, but Vash can feel his cock getting harder through his stupid uniform where his crotch is pressed against Vash's bare cunt. Without warning, Nai lifts him up and pulls him away from the wall, then tosses him onto the cot, which creaks in protest at the sudden weight of a six foot tall cyborg. Vash grunts in surprise, but as soon as he opens his mouth to complain, he's distracted by Nai's rippling abs as he strips out of his uniform.

"Spaces, you're sexy," Vash breathes, sneakily snaking his metal hand to play with his clit. The cold metal slips against his wet folds, drawing little pleasured gasps from his mouth. "Have you been working out?"

"I've always looked like this," Nai says, *finally* kicking off his pants and crawling on top of Vash. His thick, muscular arms cage Vash in, and his hard cock presses into Vash's lower belly, precum dribbling over his womb tattoo as if pollinating the geraniums blooming on his skin.

Vash giggles and wraps his arms around Nai's neck, pulling him down into a gentle kiss. As always, Nai is quick to make it rough. While Vash happily gets his fill of sexual encounters in the months they spend apart, Nai likes to keep himself 'pure' for Vash. He's got a thing for it. But that means he's always so pent up by the time he can finally get inside Vash's pussy.

"Fuck me, Nai," Vash whispers, spreading his legs open even further. The heavy metal of his legs pulls his thighs down to the bed, holding them open so far it looks like he's doing the splits. He caresses his thumb over his brother's cheek, then leans up to press soft kisses along his jawline as Nai guides his cock to Vash's entrance.

Vash's cunt is already soaking wet. Nai's cock slides in easily, eliciting a moan from the both of them as he bottoms out, the tip of his cock kissing Vash's cervix.

"Fuck," Vash whines.

"You said you'd be quiet if I fucked you," Nai growls lowly, drawing his hips back and thrusting *deep* inside him. Vash whimpers. "Am I going to have to shut you up myself?"

Vash wiggles his eyebrows and flashes Nai a shit-eating grin. "I don't know, maybe," he says suggestively. "Maybe if you—" he's cut off once again, but this time, it's by Nai's hand over his mouth. Vash's eyes widen in surprise, because Nai doesn't stop there. With Vash's mouth covered, Nai is free to lose himself to fucking him. The pace of his thrusts picks up until his cock is pistoning rapidly into Vash, filling the cell with the creaking of the cot and the wet *plap, plap, plap* of skin against skin. Vash moans into Nai's hand, dizzy from the manhandling.

"I'm going to breed your perfect cunt," Nai growls into Vash's ear. His muscles flex as he presses Vash into the bed, clearly displaying their difference in strength. "Are you going to get pregnant for me this time, Vash?"

Vash nods, as much as he can with his brother's hand clamped over his mouth. *Fuck*. He doesn't need a kid, and there's probably no chance of that happening anyway, but the mere *thought* of getting pregnant with his twin brother's baby is enough to send him barreling toward the edge. As Nai's thrusting grows more and more erratic, clearly indicating that he's getting close, Vash shoves his hand back between their bodies to reach his clit, and he desperately rubs circles around it, eager to come in tandem with his brother.

"I'm coming," Nai warns, before suddenly thrusting *hard* against Vash's cervix and letting out a loud, ragged groan as he comes, unloading straight into his womb. The feeling of his thick, hot seed filling Vash's belly is enough to drag him into his own climax, which rips through him like a shock of lightning, tingling through his spine and out to his fingers and toes. Vash arcs his back, body flush against his brother's, and moans so loud he worries someone might hear them.

"Fuck," Vash moans. Nai's softening cock slides out of him and he can feel a dribble of cum immediately follow. Thankfully, Nai bends down to rummage through his clothes and pulls out a plug, which he slides into Vash's cunt to keep all that delicious seed inside.

Nai pats his thigh. "Get up and get dressed. I'm approving your delivery to Gunsmoke. You're on your own after that."

"Ugh," Vash groans, sitting up and resting a hand over his belly. The warmth of his twin's cum inside of him is such a lovely feeling. He wishes he could have this whenever he wants—not just when Nai catches him on a supply run. "I wanna actually hang out with you one of these days. Are we really gonna keep fucking and leaving each other like this?"

Nai is already almost fully dressed. He folds his jacket over his arm and cups Vash's

cheek gently. Vash leans into his touch and closes his eyes when Nai leans down to kiss him in a far softer fashion than before. He pulls back after a moment with a little sigh. "I have a job to do. I can't have the Grand Admiral finding out I'm letting a known deserter and smuggler get comfy on my ship." Nai picks up Vash's clothes and shoves them into his arms. "Get dressed. I'll take you down to your ship."

It's not like he has much of a choice, so Vash begrudgingly gets dressed, zipping his jacket up to hide the fact that he no longer has a shirt, and follows Nai out of the brig.

"Nai," he says, stumbling over his feet to catch up with his brother's unnecessarily long strides. "Crazy idea, I know, but maybe you could just—like, *Nai*—"

Nai opens the door to the cruiser's airlock, still pressurized since Vash's ship is still attached. "I'm not talking about this. Just go. I didn't let them bother your cargo."

Vash bites his lip dejectedly and glances at the airlock door as it opens back up into his ship, which looks exactly the same as he left it inside. "Nai…"

"Go," Nai says firmly.

Looks like he's not getting through to him this time. That's alright. They've got plenty of time to figure their shit out. Surely this stupid dynamic they've got going on can't last forever. Nai's gonna break one day, Vash is *sure* of it.

For now, though, he's got medical supplies to deliver.

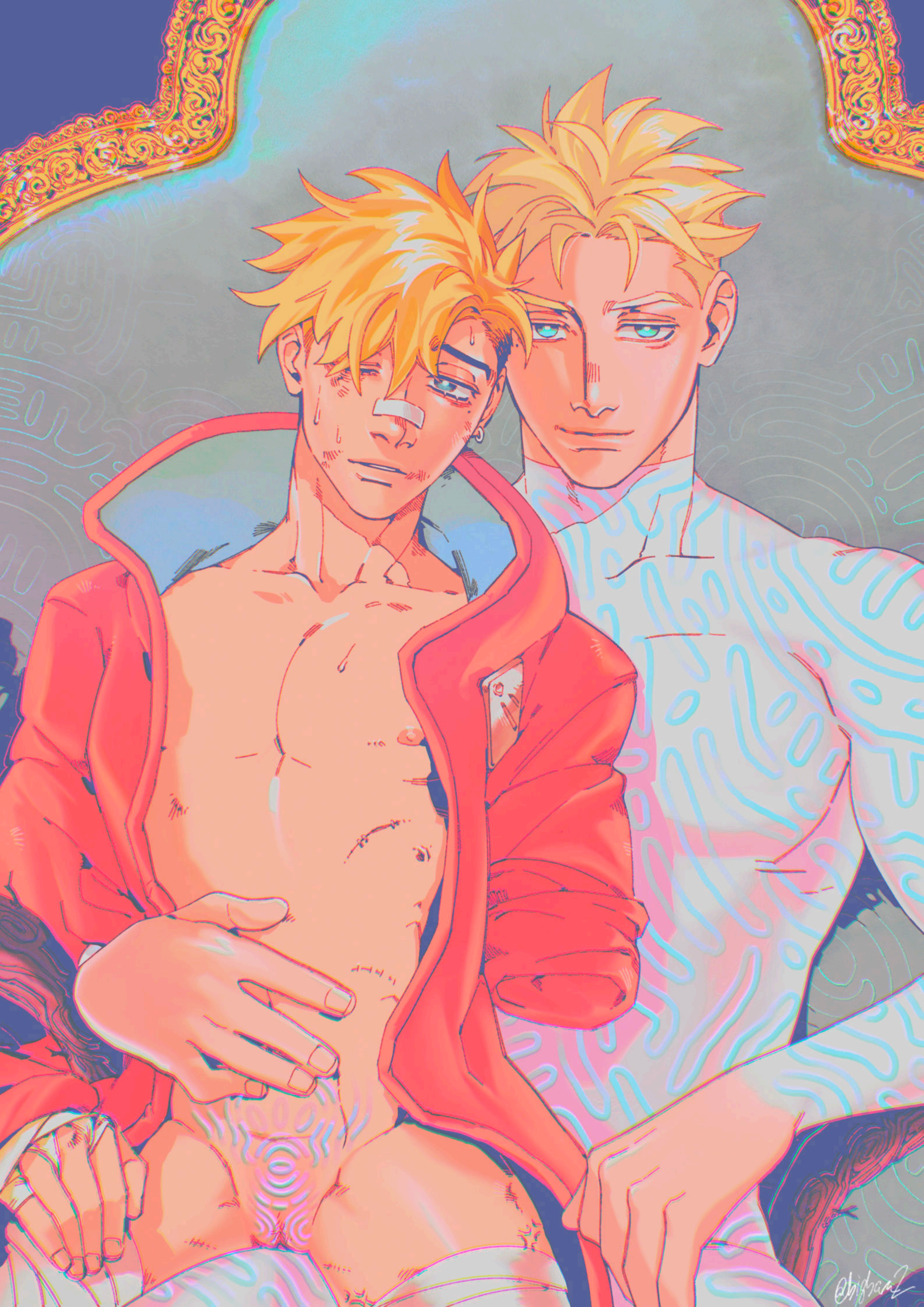
Vash takes a deep breath, then grabs Nai's jacket and pulls him in for one last kiss. "You should warn me better next time," he says. "I'm always worried your lackeys will fuck up my cargo."

"I'll see what I can do," Nai replies, but he doesn't mean it. There's nothing else he really *can* do. What they've got going on is already suspicious enough.

"I love you," Vash says. "Really. I do." He steps through the airlock and gives Nai a little wave.

The airlock slides shut.

Vash takes a deep breath and surveys his ship with his hands on his hips. "Alright, let's get this show back on the road!" he announces to empty air.




Z
Z
Z



How to Mend a Broken Heart

Chamibii

Content Warning:

anal sex | anal licking | explicit sexual content

Vash's footsteps echoed down the hallway loudly, pulling Nai out of his sleep. He groaned softly as he checked the time, swearing underneath his breath at the late hour. He rolled out of bed, stepping into house shoes and scratching at his bare abdomen, leaving his room to find his twin. He wanted to scold Vash, but there was a larger part of him that knew something was…off. This wasn't due to some odd twin connection, but simply because it was 2am on a Saturday and Vash was home.

Six months ago Vash had begun dating a pompous, pretentious, blowhard of a know-it -all and Nai, while not over the moon about it, tolerated the man's presence. He was too loud, yelling at Vash from across the apartment. He was too lazy, often needling and cajoling Vash into completing some task he needed to take care of himself. Worst of all, he was a condescending asshole with a knack for making Vash cry and doubt himself. Nai hated to see his baby brother scramble to right some imaginary wrong.

He ruminated on the thought of the pair breaking up for five out of these six months. He wanted so badly to tell Vash he deserved better, he could have better, but he knew from experience, the harder he pulled, the tighter Vash held on. And that killed him, eating him from the inside out as he watched someone that deserves the world placed at their feet, accept absolute and total dog shit.

He paused just outside a cracked door, a thin sliver of soft light illuminating the hallway just enough to lengthen the shadows along the walls. A small sniffle, followed by a string of colorful expletives preceded a boot dropping to the floor. The sound of bells jingling jarred Nai, his heart racing at the sudden loud sound.

Vash picked up after a few rings, his voice tight, each word clipped and strained. "What do you want?"

Nai couldn't hear the other person, but he gathered from the irritation clogging Vash's throat and bordering just on the edge of hurt, had him piecing together they must have broken up.

"I *caught* you," Vash hissed, "with your pants down, literally! What the—," silence stretched on for a beat before a king exhalation of breath preceded Vash pleading, "Just tell me what to do to fix this?"

Enough.

He has had enough.

Nai smoothly pushed open the door and entered the room, startling Vash. He nearly dropped his phone as his body jolted. In his haste to rush out an apology, he quickly ended the call and turned his face up to meet Nai's. "I didn't mean to wake you."

Nai was familiar with this form of apology. He knew his brother needed to be reassured that he didn't do anything bad, that he wasn't bad, and it usually came in the form of a vehement denial or a joking dismissal of whatever the issue was. Nai would forgive Vash of every offense, absolve every sin if he were capable. This present moment was the only exception.

"Why do you allow people to treat you like shit?"

Vash blinked over at him, blueish green eyes glittering as tears caught the shine of the light. "You see me crying and that's the first question you ask?" He huffed a small, terse chuckle before flopping back against his bed. He brought his hands to his face and pressed the finger tips in his eyes, sighting softly. "Love? Companionship? I'm attempting to assuage the more than likely irrational fear that because I am a walking disaster, I'll end up alone? Pick your poison, Nai."

He stared down at Vash, his gaze slowly tracing the lines and freckles he's memorized since birth. Though they were identical in form, they were completely opposite in nature, and now as Nai watched a tear slide from the corner of covered eyes, it became blatantly more clear.

Nai had dated, of course, each relationship lasting as long as it took for him to climax. So he couldn't understand Vash's upset at ending something that brought him more misery than joy. Vash pointed this out between small, broken sobs.

"You don't understand and that's fine, but can you pretend that you do and comfort me?" That Nai understood. He stretched out alongside his twin, their breathing patterns syncing the closer in proximity they were. The weight of smothering emotions lingered on the edge of Vash's voice, sucking the color out of his usually bright tone, as he explained, "I caught him cheating." Nai's fists clenched, the muscle in his jaw working overtime to bite back a barrage of hate. Vash softly added, "Twice."

Nai's voice had a harder edge to it when he muttered his little brother's name, "Vash…"

"I know," he softly exhaled. "I'm stupid, right?" There was a lightheartedness that was forced and it stoked the flames of anger burning in Nai's chest. "I'm naive and gullible and I *always* give people a second chance no matter how badly they messed up the first time." Vash inhaled a ragged breath and let loose a shaky, "I'm so stupid, Nai."

Nai wasn't big on physical affection. His partners often asked him for more and when he didn't meet their need, they cited that as the reason for the break up. However, with Vash, he not only welcomed the affection, but he longed for it. He didn't hesitate to pull Vash into his arms, reassurance whispered softly in

between quiet sobs. He smoothed his hands down Vash's back, the palm of his hand following subtle curves and coming to rest just above a muscular ass that Nai often dreamt of touching.

He knew it was wrong of him to think about Vash sexually. He did his best to control the thoughts that have plagued him since puberty. And when he couldn't control them, he fucked. The person didn't matter. As long as they were consenting and willing to do it from the back, he didn't care. He didn't concentrate on the person coming on his dick. Instead he thought about Vash; how beautiful he would look straddled atop him, how his full lips would part around a sensual moan, and how tight his ass would feel wrapped around his co—

"Nai," Vash interrupted, his voice timid and hesitant.

"Yes?"

"Uh," Vash started as he pulled away from Nai, lifting his chin to meet his gaze. "You—um—I don't know how to say this or even I should but you're—," Nai cut across him, finishing his sentence,

"Hard. Yes." He studied Vash's face, noting the short lived shocked expression that widened pupils before another look, one he yearned to have leveled in his direction, came to rest heavily in blue green eyes.

Vash breathed a question that Nai knew would change the trajectory of their relationship. "Why?"

He met Vash's gaze, his eyes narrowing as he searched for some form of hesitation, some wariness, but upon finding none, he answered honestly. "Because of you, Vash." Nai's gaze dipped to watch a pink tongue slowly slide over a full bottom before it was pulled between his teeth.

"Oh. "Uh," Vash muttered softly, "I-it's late."

Nai moved to slip out of the bed and go back to his room, but he's stopped by a slender hand closing around his wrist. He paused, the question hanging, unasked, between them and without a word, he settled again, waiting for Vash to settle on his side, before he threw an arm over his waist and pulled his thinner frame flush into his muscular one.

They've slept like this for years; Vash often climbing into Nai's bed in the middle of the night. It was usually due to some night terror that he couldn't remember. As they grew older, Vash didn't always give him a reason. He would simply yawn and demand Nai scoot over and slip between the covers, burying his face in the crook of his older brother's shoulder. They had to have been about 18, maybe 19, when Nai noticed how his body responded to Vash's. Every subtle shift he made sent an electric current coursing along his spine to pool heavily in his gut. The softly whispered, "G'night Nai," had goosebumps pricking on his skin. When Vash began to fall asleep, his inhibitions were lowered and, uncharacteristically of him, he pursed his lips together, lightly dusting them along the sensitive column of Nai's neck. The blood rushed rapidly between his legs, causing his hips to jerk forward and he knew then, Vash could no longer find comfort and solace in his

bed. Not when Nai wanted to roll him over onto his stomach, hoist his hips in the air, and hear how beautiful he sounded once he was entered.

Vash interrupted his trip down memory lane with a barely whispered, "It's been a while since we've slept like this." Nai remained silent, fearful of disrupting this moment. Warm fingers trace circles against the back of his hand as Vash continued, "Why did you start locking your door, Nai?"

He huffed a small breath before answering, "I wasn't sure I'd be able to control myself if you came to me again." Vash's throaty reply had his mouth running dry.

"Who said I wanted you to? Control yourself, I mean."

"Do you know what you're saying?"

Vash rolled over to face him, his eyes rolling slightly, a flippant reply following. "No, Nai. I have no idea what I mean when I say I wish you weren't so restrai—mmmm."

Nai took the opportunity to grip Vash's face, tilt his head back, and cut him off mid-sentence with a searing and breathtaking kiss. It felt like nothing he'd ever experienced before. Vash's mouth was warm and timid, his lips eager to part but the small sliver of doubt keeping him from fully committing. Nai didn't care. He took the lead like he usually did, rolling Vash onto his back and using his thigh to spread his legs open. He slotted between trembling thighs and wasted no time pressing his hard cock against Vash's, groaning at the feel of the throbbing length against his own. He pulled away, breathless, to point out, "I'm not gentle."

"I don't need you to be," Vash fired back. To prove his point, he cupped Nai roughly and moaned once Nai ground his hips into the palm of his hand.

"I want to take you apart, little by little," Nai muttered as he trailed fevered kisses along Vash's jawline. "I want to watch the faces that you make, committing each one to memory. I want to bathe in the sounds of your pleasure." He nipped at Vash's neck, smiling against his skin once a strangled whine reached his ears. "I want to make you feel like no one has or can, Vash." He licks a long stripe along pale skin, his hand sliding down a muscular torso and just stopping shy of the bulge twitching in Vash's jeans. "Your orgasms are mine, Vash. Say it."

"God," Vash whimpered, "My orgasms are yours."

He was adept with his hands and quickly had Vash's jeans pushed down his hips. Vash was already dripping wet and Nai wasted no time wrapping his fist around the twitching cock and stroking. As he did, he whispered every fantasy he's ever had, into Vash's ear.

"Nai," Vash moaned, "I want to come with you inside of me. Please?"

Finally, Nai had the chance to do what he wanted that night, all those years ago. He pulled away and rolled Vash onto his stomach, pulling his hips up into the air. With no preamble, he pulled his jeans and boxers down, gripped his ass cheeks, and spread him wide, licking a long hot stripe against his twitching hole. His tongue dove deep inside of Vash, licking expletive after expletive out of his baby brother.

"Nai—fuck—wait," Vash moaned, his voice breaking on the last word, and pushing Nai to drive his tongue in deeper, slurping loudly, wetly, at the space he longed to fill. Despite Vash pleading for Nai to wait, he rolled his hips back, fucking himself on his twins tongue. His pants and moans were an indication that he was nearing an orgasm, and Nai knew neither of them would be satisfied if that were to happen so soon.

He pulled away, wiping at his mouth with the back of his hand, and replaced his tongue with two fingers. He pushed the digits in deep, groaning at the tightening heat. Moonlight streamed in through the blinds, aiding Nai in being able to watch as his fingers disappeared up to the second knuckle. He loved watching his fingers push inside of Vash and he obliged himself, slowly finger fucking his brother. His cock strained against his pajama bottoms, but he continued to show restraint, making sure Vash was ready to take him. He eased his fingers out, taking in the view of a slightly stretched asshole. Nai pulled his pajama bottoms down and spit in his hand, using saliva as a crude stand-in for lube. He wanted to do all of what he told Vash earlier. He truly did. However, now, in this moment, he desperately needed to be inside of his twin. With the only warning being the press of his head against the pink ring of muscle, Nai wasted no time in snapping his hips forward and burying himself deep inside of the person he shared a womb with.

It was nothing short of pure, unadulterated bliss to be inside of Vash. His walls reflexively tightened around Nai's cock, each pulse sucking him in deeper. Nai set a steady pace, snapping his hips against his brother's ass, pulling his hips back as he thrusted forward. Vash had his face buried in his pillow, more than likely to drown out his nonsensical stammering, but Nai needed to hear him. He curled over Vash's body, kissing him between his shoulders blade, and angled his hips so that each stroke had his head pressing against the bundle of nerves that won him a long, loud, lewd moan. "That's a good boy," Nai grunted, "let me hear you." Vash was loud as he toppled over the edge, every other word out of his mouth his name. Vash sounded beautiful, like Nai knew he would. The sound of his name meeting the cool air was enough to have him pulsing against twitching walls.

"Inside," Vash demanded, "come inside."

Nai felt the orgasm build in his toes as they curled. His thigh muscles strained, trembling as he pistoned his hips forward, driving in deeper, and deeper still. Pressure built in his hips as warmth flowed from his core, the very center of his being it seemed, to spill forth and fill Vash to the point of overflowing. With a broken cry, he collapsed against his twin, effectively sandwiching him between his rock hard body and the firm mattress.

"Can't…breathe…" Vash spat out. Nai apologized profusely and rolled them over onto their sides. "You're not that heavy," Vash admitted, a bit sheepishly. "It's just..you were *really* deep in that position and it felt—,"

He was unable to finish thanks to Nai finding his second wind, repositioning him back onto his stomach, and this time, whispering a soft apology before he gripped the headboard and fucked Vash into the mattress.





Lassoed by the Heart

cowboynai

Content Warning:

mild violence | gun-deepthroating
rough sex | ignored safeword

Vash the Stampede. A name he acquired for the crimes of his brother like a branding iron to the flesh. There was a time when that name meant the world to him, but after living on the outskirts of civilization, that feeling he indulged in so much began to wither away.

A promise nestles itself on an isolated geo-plant where both Vash and Knives live out their peace on a small ranch, domesticated and mundane as the older brother's violent ambitions remain dormant. The geo-plant, more vibrant and lush than any other carbon copy of its type out in the desert, harbored native toma just to keep the twins company in the same vein as owning a pet dog.

Without the need for food and drink, the brothers lived in pure leisure. The problem currently was simply down to them not being on speaking terms.

Vash woke up late. The sunlight peeked through the blinds and cast a dusty glow on Vash's face. Instinctively, he stretched his arm out behind him in search of his lover. When met with realization of a cold vacancy by his side, he was heartbroken once more. A melancholy sigh escapes him, and he tallies in his mind what day this would make it.

Another day without Nai.

The twins were in their 7th week of not speaking to each other. Though it was difficult to avoid each other entirely, Nai specifically has not been able to look Vash in the eye ever since they argued about humans, feeling a sense of betrayal when Vash tried to negotiate seeing them again. The last thing Nai said to him was that he was foolish for wanting to see the very people who wanted him dead for a bounty.

Despite the harsh words dished out against him, Vash felt his heart ache for his brother's warmth again. They still slept together, but Nai refused to get close. No matter how much Vash attempts to talk to him, Nai resists all temptation and ignores him flat out. And in truth, Vash didn't think Nai could pull it off — especially given how intense his love was. Nai was the type to enjoy courting him endlessly despite them living as a married couple already.

Vash forced himself to a sitting position and did a small meditation — it lasted 5 seconds — before he dressed himself in front of their shared wardrobe mirror.

Once fully dressed, he went out to find his brother. The front door creaked open and slammed shut as Vash walked onto the porch, stretching his limbs with a loud yawn against the warm, dry air. He had been bedridden for a few days, boredom sinking its teeth into his spirits as there was nothing to do if Nai insisted on giving him the cold shoulder.

The geo-plant was a little slice of Eden for the two of them, and the desert stretched to infinity as far as Vash's eyes could see.

He spots Nai out with the tomas. Despite being more suitable for the indoors, Nai worked hard for their life to be perfect on the ranch. Being out in the heat has changed him, melted him down to a man with heavy calluses in his hands. In fact, he built a little shed and a playpen for the tomas himself.

He whistled and reigned up the tomas to herd them over to their pins. Although he was far away, Vash could hear the clink in his boots as he walked. With a brush in hand, he begins to croon to the creatures to their fodder.

Even the animals can sense the little bits of wickedness in his soul, but they empathize with his bitterness when he takes care of them as gently as he does. Through their mannerisms, Vash can tell that most of the toma really trust Nai.

Vash leans against the porch railing and admires his brother for a moment. He likes the cowboy look on him, something he had to fight for because any other type of human clothing made Nai fussy. But he remembers the stories about cowboys on Project SEEDS. He remembers little human indulgences Nai once loved.

Another moment passes and suddenly one of the tomas attacks the one closest to Nai over the fodder, causing the afflicted toma to screech and run off. Nai reacts quickly and hollers, rushing after it as he pulls out a lasso from his belt and wrings it around its neck. He missteps and slips against the dirt, but he doesn't lose control. He manages to catch himself and force the toma to a yield. Nai then coaxes it down to pacification with little injury.

As the event unfolded, Vash had been clutching the railing without realizing it. His head felt tight with worry. When the situation resolved, he looked down at his hands and released the tension in his hands. Good… Things are under control.

But then… Vash thought of an idea. *Pacify*… *Hm.*

Vash watched as Nai guided the toma back to the others. His heart fluttered seeing Nai wipe the sweat from his brow as he pulled off his cowboy hat to fan himself. He was effortlessly handsome. And Vash missed him. Terribly.

It was an impulsive need for closure. He hadn't realized his legs moved until he was already leaning halfway into the house to grab Nai's spare lasso off the hook next to the door. Once he got it, he flew down the porch steps.

What a silly idea… to catch a lover by rope.

When Vash gets into range, he slows down to a crouch and takes cover behind the empty toma pen, using the barrels nearby to conceal him. Nai finishes putting the toma back into the shed for their afternoon nap.

Vash holds his breath and thinks about his movements the same way he thinks of his gun. He grips the rope tight and waits for his moment. When Nai makes his turn, Vash whips out a toss and lands the catch. In the few seconds of realization, Nai's face twists with surprise before looking up in the direction of the origin. Vash loops more rope around his body until it secures his arms tight, prohibiting his movement. His fingers twitch for his gun in his holster.

"Vash?! What the hell do you think you're doing?!"

Vash hops out of hiding and comes into plain view. He grins confidently but then he trips over his foot and hops a bit to get his balance. "Oh h-hey, Nai. Looked like you needed help but it looks like I ended up catching you instead."

Nai glares at him, unamused to all hell. "Is this supposed to be funny?"

Vash starts pulling Nai forward. The toma look at him with curious eyes as Nai begins to wiggle around in resistance. "Son of a bitch— **Vash! Get me out of this now!"**

Vash could practically see the rage in his eyes as he struggled to get himself free, but he knew this was half-hearted. Despite the agitation, Nai could easily slice through the rope with his blades if he really wanted to. There was no rule between them indicating that either of them couldn't use their powers. He's still soft for Vash… and that made Vash's heart swell up with hope.

When Vash doesn't answer, Nai growls into his words as he yells, **"Stop fucking around and explain yourself."** Nai stumbles his footing but then catches himself by digging his heel into the dirt. The spur on his boots grind against the gravel.

"I can't talk to you if you're so far away."

Nai scoffed. "You see me everyday. If you have something to say then just say it."

"You know it hasn't been that simple," Vash said.

Nai starts to laugh. Mean-spirited and sarcastic. With an arrogant smirk, he spits out, "And who's fault is that, Vash? Remind me again, dear brother, why we don't talk anymore?"

Vash is silent as he continues to pull. Nai's words sting, but he pushes past his emotions. He's determined to win his brother back. Nai grimaces at his own words, regret washing over his face.

Vash strings his lover forward faster as Nai starts to ease up, as if he were slowly giving up. Nai's voice softens almost to a futile end as he's within inches of his younger brother. "C'mon Vash. Stop."

When they were only millimeters apart, the twins could practically hear their hearts pounding. They get lost in each other's eyes with the same intensity of when they first realized they were in love. A dash of forlorn glimmers were hidden within the blues of their besotted stares.

"Is that what you want?" Vash whispered, never once taking his eyes off him. "Do you want me to stop?"

Nai's lips shift uncomfortably as he forces himself to frown with disapproval but fails altogether as his romantic heart wins out. "No… I never wanted you to stop."

Brewing temptation punctuates the end of Nai's words. It's so noticeable that Vash is attempting to change the tone of the conversation by saying, "You're a real catch, you know that?" Vash says, flicking his index finger up against Nai's hat to get a better view of his face.

Nai didn't play along. He still looked at him as if he were playing out all the scenarios in his mind of what he would do to him. "I never wanted you to stop chasing me…" he whispered as if continuing a confession.

Vash attempts to steady his breathing as he says. "I really missed you, Nai." His words tremble but he fails to cry.

Vash misses the intensity of his twin's emotions, how raw and unnerving he could be. They could petrify thousands of souls, but Vash took this fear and ate it for comfort. Because to feel empty was much worse than to feel the woes of their relationship.

Vash doesn't even know if Nai responded or not. He was so utterly lost in the swirls of his yearning that in another moment, Nai had leaned in and kissed him. It was as pure and sweet as a first kiss. Vash immediately flinches with high-strung flutters of lovesickness and melts into the kiss. The tips of his ears turn pink, and he feels the heat of his affections swallow up his insides.

When they part, Nai smiles foolishly with a sigh as if he were the luckiest guy in the world. "It's been so hard to resist you, my Vash. Must you always put me second when you're always my first?"

Vash feels a bit ashamed by the question, and he starts fumbling with Nai's shirt, rubbing the wrinkles out. Nai watches him, mute with mild amusement. A blush spreads across the high ends of Nai's cheeks. Vash catches sight of this.

"That didn't take you long to cool down," Vash traces his fingers down Nai's collar before hooking it down at the V-line of his shirt. He pulls forward for another kiss but denies him from fulfilling it as he whispers, "Can't we just make up already?"

"I don't know," Nai says sternly as if he remembered he was actually supposed to be mad at him. "Can we?"

The heat begins to make the twins delirious. One moment they're standing together, sundrenched and conflicted with their moralities, and next they're stumbling up the porch where Vash is playing hard to get as Nai follows him with no choice.

Vash dodges his advances yet wags his finger 'c'mere' as he guides him with the lasso still intact. Nai keeps up the ruse of not being able to set himself free. His smirk is playful and devious; this is all one big game that Vash has initiated and cannot stop.

Vash tumbles backwards, right as he is about to open the door, but trips when Nai pushes against him like a hopeless dog in heat. Nai kisses Vash so eagerly that he devours Vash's affections through their clumsiness. He treats this love like an entitlement. A simple feat to remind Vash that he belongs to him.

Fighting to win back control, Vash maintains his grip on his older brother, before slipping his arm back and pulling up a porch chair. Vash whips around, making Nai trip on Vash's heel and fall onto the chair with a grunt. He looks up at Vash from behind the hat; a trail of sweat slides down his temple.

Vash rakes in the rest of the rope to secure the tightness and slots himself between Nai's legs. He pulls his hat off and tips his chin up so that Nai is looking straight up at him. His unkempt hair had little bits of sand dust from working outdoors. There's a hazy, lovesick look in his eyes as the blush flourished throughout his face in a carnation pink. Vash pushes Nai flat against the chair with his boot, getting a low groan out of Nai as he looks down at the vamp before lustfully looking up his leg.

Nai bites lower lip before speaking, "What do you plan to do with me, Peacekeeper?" Nai mocks, but he is surprised when Vash then straddles him on the chair and cups Nai's cheek. "Exactly what you want me to do, Troublemaker." He kisses him so deeply that he inhales his scent. It's so familiar, and the kiss is passionate enough to send his heart aflutter.

They hadn't kissed in so long that each one ignited their raw nerves ablaze. He rides him slowly, hat in hand, like riding a toma. Meek, cautious pecks turned into terrible, needy bites as Nai fought Vash for control. Vash was able to subdue him mildly by grinding against his growing erection. His whimpers would drive Nai insane until his hands practically twitched to grip his ass.

"It's so hot," Vash breathes as Nai bites his lower lip to demand him back, "I'm getting dizzy." The smoldering bloom that rose through his body invaded his thoughts until they were incoherent phrases of lust. Vash's body had a language of its own as his hands worked to unbutton Nai's shirt.

Then he feels his upper lip get wet. He tastes dirty metal before the flooding realization at the taste of blood registers into his psyche. Vash opens his eyes and pulls away from the kiss to see that Nai now sports a nosebleed. His lips were parted and a hungry, dazed expression hung on his face as he tilted his head to allow the stream of dark crimson to drip off his chin and down onto his chest.

“N-Nai?! Are you okay?” Vash asked with genuine panic laced in his voice.

“Couldn’t be happier, really,” Nai replied after several heartbeats passed, a cross between reassuring and sarcastic.

The hopelessness in his eyes confirmed the statement. Nai was not squeamish to blood, not even his own. Vash grinded his ass forward to tease Nai before whispering into his ear, “I get you pretty bothered from just a few kisses, huh?” His hand traces up to his neck where he extends two fingers against his flesh, feeling the vitality of his heart. The little thumps of adrenaline flusters Vash, knowing that his body is reacting this way solely because of him.

“‘Bothered’ is an understatement. You get right under my skin, my love,” Nai said through gritted teeth. The blood kept gushing out and dripped over his lips. Vash pushed past the hostility in his tone and kissed him. Nai’s tongue bullies its way into Vash’s mouth. Blood smeared over their lips like warpaint. It felt so good to feel love and hate fill up his lust.

“Give in to me,” Nai pleaded in a husky tone.

Vash wanted them inside. He dropped the hat, slid off his lap and tugged him into the house. Droplets of blood stained the wooden floor then the sound of a bed creaking could be heard.

With Nai still tied up, Vash did all the work of unbuckling his pants and only pulled his erection out from his pants. Despite having fucked Nai countless of times, he was still always surprised at how big it was. Vash undresses himself bare. He then slaps the cockhead against his pussy lips and watches Nai’s reaction, seeing how his breath hitches with anticipation.

“Vashu… Don’t tease. Don’t you dare tease me.”

Vash purred. “But it’s fun to get you riled up.”

Vash adjusts his legs on either side of Nai and slowly straddles onto his cock, moaning softly as it slides in with ease. Although Vash’s genitalia remained in its human state, the abnormal amount of slick that dripped out of him and onto his brother’s cock was something to marvel at. Vash trembles as he gets halfway down on Nai’s cock before he stops, holding himself up by sliding his hands under Nai’s shirt to press along his stomach.

“I said don’t tease me,” Nai growled, on the edge of his limit. Vash simply gave him a cheeky smile as he glided his hands further up until he tugged on the lasso with his index finger. “You’re cute when you’re mad.”

Vash should have known better than to think Nai’s words weren't a warning. Tired of holding back, Nai rips off the lasso and reaches up for his brother. He grips Vash’s hips and slams him all the way down until Vash shrieks with pain and pleasure. **“Nai!”**

Before Vash could physically resist him, Nai pulls his gun out and pushes the barrel to his cheek. "I fucking told you not to tease me."

While still holding him down, Nai rams against his cervix as Vash's face twists from the shock. So much of the slick that had pooled out of him causing squelching sounds to echo throughout the room. Vash began to drool, and his eyes fluttered at how good it felt for Nai to fill him up right almost to the womb.

Nai's face was a cherry red, scorned by his desires to make love and his bruised ego to remain angry. Every thrust was hot and terrible as if he fucked away all the pent-up frustrations he had into Vash. This was his closure.

Vash felt the connecting nerves of pleasure surge through his brain as he became more turned on from the anticipation of being shot. Pain and pleasure mixed so violently within him.

Nai…! ♡ Oh fuck… It's so much, Nai… ♡

H-Hhha… Nai, you're starting to hurt me. Ease up for a minute, please. F-Fuck…

Nai didn't listen nor did he care if he bruised up his brother's insides. Vash could read that plainly on his face, yet he still insisted. "Mercy… Nai! Mercy. Mercy. Mercy. *MercyMercyMercy!*"

He's supposed to stop. Nai has never once disobeyed his safe word since they moved out here alone. Instead, Nai made the deliberate choice to brutalize his insides. He pushes the gun right into Vash's mouth then wraps his arms around Vash's waist in order to shove all of his length into his tight cunt. The violent intent to ensure his cunt would be sore for weeks. Possibly even a little bloodied if Nai wanted it that way.

"Nai, please!" Vash wailed pathetically with the gun hindering his speech.

"Beg all you want, dear brother, you've kept me waiting long enough."

"I-I'm sorry, okay?!" His voice grew shaky with panic. "I won't bring them up again. F-Fuck… Please, Nai, y-you're breaking me! God, I can't—!"

Nai pulls the trigger. A soft click. Nothing. "Be a good boy for me, baby."

Vash whimpered to tears as he drooled on the barrel and Nai slowly pushed that in too, making Vash deepthroat down to the trigger guard. Light strings of saliva drip off the gun and over Nai's chest.

Vash has no choice at this point to grind against Nai's cock for his release, and they're both nearing their end as their moans crescendoed. Vash chokes out a gasp when he reaches his release, searing pleasure overwhelmed him. Nai eases up almost immediately, teeth clenched and his cock buried deep to push in his seed.

Vash pops the gun out of his mouth and falls over to Nai's side. Vash looks over at Nai and sees the enamored look on his face. With blood-stained lips, he smiled, all blissed out. He lowers and drops the gun on the floor. Vash glared, almost ready to turn away until Nai rolled over and wrapped his arms around him.

"I needed that," Nai murmured lazily against Vash's head, holding him dearly.

"You never change," Vash muttered.

Nai simply kisses his temple, docile and sweet. He acted as if he had simply made love to him like usual. Vash rolls his eyes with a huff but takes this as a sign of peace. He nestles himself into Nai's embrace, returning his kisses and putting his feelings aside once again, uncaring of everything except the warmth of being by his lover's side.



Dance with the Fairy Prince

DJubilant

Content Warning:

explicit sexual content | frottage

"Rem, tell me again about how I was born."

"You were brought to me on a summer day – in the petals of a geranium. My favorite flower! What are the odds?" Rem's fingers teased at Vash's hair, the small bit of gel on her fingertips more than enough. Vash looked at himself in the small button backing that he used as a mirror, letting himself be preened. Looking up around him, he felt unbelievably smaller than he already was. Was this really all there was to life?

"When can I go out to the gardens?" Vash asked, already knowing Rem's answer, as if he could recite it from memory.

"Soon, my darling boy! But first I have to make sure it's safe! A bird could pick you up, or a praying mantis could get you! I could never live with myself if I allowed something to happen to you out of my own negligence!"

Vash laughs to himself – that last part was new.

Here, in the observation deck overlooking the gardens, he sits on a budding flower with nothing but his thoughts to keep him busy.

Honestly! Doesn't she know that he's a grown boy – he can take care of himself! Vash nods to himself in understanding, commenting mentally about how mature he is and how brave he's being when –

Something silver darts across the gardens, and Vash sits up. He didn't make that up, right? He wasn't just seeing things?

The sliver of color darts around again, and Vash clamors to the edge of his flower seat to get a better look.

"Hello?" He calls out, expecting nothing to answer him. He sits back as quiet envelopes the space, a bit of disappointment drooping his features.

"Hello?"

The voice comes from above him, and Vash's head snaps up to meet it. Silver seems to flood his vision as a person – of all things a person *his size* – flutters above him, seemingly hovering in mid air.

Vash's eyes are wide as he lets his mouth open on a small gasp.

The man before him is beautiful - his lashes the color of fresh snow. A rapier made of a thin silver wire rests at his waist, his hand propped on the twisted hilt. Vash realizes that it's a safety pin, a silver bead wrapped in its coils. He wears a cloak – no, it's not a cloak that sheds a glistening shade over his back. As Vash watches, the effect flitters and stills, and Vash realizes with a gasp what it is he sees.

Wings. Wings that glint with the sun, ethereal in their quick motions as they flit about, holding the man above him stationary with a fine poise. Wings that beat with the sole purpose of serving the man who stares around, searching for the voice who called to him with curious eyes.

The man is a fairy – and his wings are a silver that could rival the blade at his disposal.

Vash's heart races as his sound of surprise catches the man's attention, and he quickly hones in on Vash's location. There's a flourish, and a breath of movement, before the man flutters down to stand before him in a regal stance, those snow white lashes batting down at him.

Vash has never met someone as small as him before, much less someone with such striking, beautiful eyes – the color of ice. Yet, no coldness emanates from that steely gaze as they hold each other in a trance. The man has a beauty mark on the opposite side of Vash's own, and he almost swoons at just how much of fate that must be.

"Were you the one who called?" The man breathes, and Vash is taken by how soothing his voice is. He feels he can get lost in it – entranced by the coolness of those words and the icy depths of those pale blue eyes, encapsulated by the feathery weightlessness of his equally pale lashes. Vash realizes that he's staring, and his face reddens as he also realizes that the man is awaiting his answer with a calm demeanor and stoic expression.

"Yes… I am."

The man smiles, cooing, "I couldn't help but notice you here – all alone."

Vash can't help but feel a bit defensive as he remarks, "My mother just left. I usually sit in here with her for a lunch, but –"

Why was he telling this stranger so much?

"My name is Vash." He decides to be polite, at least.

"Knives – Prince of the fairies."

'A prince!' Vash thinks to himself in wonder.

His features soften, "But you may call me Nai, if you wish."

He grows closer to Vash, spellbound as he is by Vash's size and charming face. Vash flinches back a little at his forthrightness, and Nai feels a need grow in him… a need to protect, to provide, to be the ground and stable rock that Vash may stand on and flourish as a being of his beauty is deserving of. He tries again, coaxing himself closer to Vash, his hand outstretched in a gesture of good faith. Vash eyes him suspiciously, his mind racing as he runs through everything that Rem has ever told him. Strangers aren't meant to be trusted… but, how do you make friends without first being strangers? How do you build relationships if you don't take that first initial step forward?

He swallows hard, his mind made up, as he takes Nai's gloved hand in his own, and he finds himself whisked up into the air with little more than a gasping breath and a faint chuckle of amusement in his ear.

“Come… Would you like to see the flowers?” Nai asks him, and it’s so silky sweet that Vash almost feels himself go light headed at it like he’s just partaken of a honeyed wine. He wants to say that there is nothing that he would like more – but the words die on his throat as they ascend into the air, faint wisps of air teasing his hair and placing gentle kisses along Vash’s cheeks.

The garden is beautiful in a way that Vash has never experienced before. All his times with Rem seem so sheltered, so stifled, that all Vash wants to do now is fill his lungs up with the sweet smells of the flowering bushes and weeping leaves that drip their dew and essence in abundance around them. Nai holds Vash to him, their hands interlocked as he skirts around the greenery. They dip in flight to touch the silky softness of rose petals, again to smell the droopy flowering buds of a lily of the valley, before swirling about the stalk of a ladder of hyacinth.

It's all sights that Vash has seen from a scientific perspective – and he talks to Nai about his knowledge with every maneuver, every pause, and Nai takes him where his heart desires.

Because all he wants is to hear Vash speak.

To speak with Nai, grace him with his home amongst humanity, the barest touch of a world so different from his own. Their meeting is a marvelous feat. One of two worlds colliding, melting together and drifting into the other's nebulae, creating a galaxy all their own.

The flittering of Nai's wings behind them blooms a gnawing feeling in Vash – something long hidden begging to be spread apart and molted. It feels like flower petals blossoming in his gut, enveloping him in a warmth that stems and radiates out from Nai's hand.

In flight, Vash feels that ache in his chest be lifted along with his body. Nai's hand around his waist is firm, but not bruising. He holds Vash like a precious jewel – something to be protected and adored.

That breath of flight ignites something in Vash. A new feeling – of wants… desires… and he craves for the satisfaction that lays on the cusp of his tongue,

dripping before him like a man starved for the validation that is his existence. Here – with Nai – he feels the relief of his very being. He clings to Nai, melding with him, bringing their bodies and souls together, but it is not enough. Vash's hands sink into the soft velvet of Nai's vest, his nails dragging along the embroidered sections and trailing over the embellished edges that hang with decorative chords and jewels that glitter in the pale sunlight.

Nai must sense how frantic he is – his own arm digging into Vash's side, his hand feeling the shuddering muscles that shiver and twitch beneath Vash's slightly oversized jacket. The red bleeds over his forearm, slipping off of Vash's shoulder to reveal unmarred skin that flushes in turn with his cheekbones and runs down to slip delicately beneath his turtleneck. Nai wishes to see that flush in action; To note where that life that flows beneath his pristine, porcelain skin, to suckle at and bring that same blood to the surface –

Nai readjusts his hips, angling his twitching cock away from Vash. He can feel a small bit of a blush begin to flower at the corners of his eyes and the tip of his nose, but he can't seem to take his gaze off of Vash himself. He hopes that Vash doesn't realize how he's positioned himself – as much as he wants to place their bodies together, pressing in until there is no separation between 'Vash' and 'Knives'.

It must be the newfound heights that get to Vash – either that or the way that his lower body is so very tightly held to Nai's – but he finds himself growing hard and Vash has to turn away to not let the Fairy Prince know of his indecency. Vash's ears are a blistering red, a shade equal to his coat, and Nai fights to keep himself composed. He's just so…

'Handsome,' Vash thinks.

'Adorable,' Nai thinks.

They both find the other one staring, and Vash is the first to break the silence as he blubbers to explain his wandering eyes.

"Nai… I'm sorry – it's just – you're so…"

Nai cuts him off with a sudden kiss. It's so sudden it shocks both of them – yet, neither of them pull away. It's as if their lips were made to touch, to slot together and be one. They feel in unison as if they are a singular piece of a puzzle put together for the first time.

A fated pair.

One of Vash's hands moves up to slide into Nai's hair, disrupting the softness to scratch his nails against Nai's scalp. He purrs beneath Vash's touch, opening his mouth to deepen the kiss as they each move to bring their fronts back towards each other. Vash finds that Nai is just as hard as he is, and the revelation causes a jolt of electricity to shoot up his spine. Excitement fills the air with little shocks and sparks, their journey through the air held in stasis by Nai's rapidly beating wings.

Nai feels a little bit bigger than he does, and Vash's hand grips his hair tighter at the possibility. He has to see – wants to see – wants to touch –

"Nai… can I? Can we?"

He sounds so breathless, it drives Nai mad with want – "We can do whatever you want, Vash."

He wants to bury his head in the crook of Vash's neck, but that would take away from the softness that is Vash's lips.

Vash is the one that takes the lead – his hand following the length of ropes that hang from Nai's shoulders, looping down around his arms to link behind his back. He pulls Nai in to him, hiking his leg up the Prince's own, rubbing against him with a burning fervor. Nai gasps, allowing Vash to plunge his tongue into his open mouth. He sucks on Nai's tongue, indulging in the soft moans and whispered pleas that manage to make themselves known between their deepening kisses.

Vash jerks a bit as he feels a gloved hand slide down his pants, searching him out, and grabbing hungrily once the Prince finds what it is he searches for. He pushes down Vash's clothes, freeing Vash's hardened length as Vash tries desperately to do the same. All he can focus on is the hand planted firmly on his back, and the tongue that entwines with his like rose vines – tight and full of thorns that keep them locked together. He manages, finally, to blindly undo the multitude of buttons that make up Nai's high-waisted pants, and he groans as Vash's hands finally touch him. They both feel like they might burn up if the other's hands leave them for even a second.

Nai's hand encircles their cocks, covering Vash's hand as he brings their hips closer together. His slender, gloved hand moves in a languid, graceful motion that drives Vash insane with want. His other hand has still not deviated from Vash's waist, and his wings continue to beat rhythmically against the air to keep them stationary.

"N–Nai…" Vash mutters, a hiccup in his throat catching on the last bit of sound, dragging out the last bit of his name into a desperate moan. Nai wishes to hear more of it, and he breaks their kiss to lean into Vash's neck, making a home for himself right below his collar bone. He nuzzles his way past the high collar of Vash's vibrant jacket, breathing down the fabric and sending a shiver of pleasure down Vash's chest along with it.

"Beg for me," Nai says, begging in his own way to hear it from Vash's own lips.

"Please… Nai – it feels good…" Vash manages out weakly, pumping his hips along with the rhythm that both of their hands currently have set. Nai's hand moves a bit quicker than Vash's own, but that's okay – it just means that there's an extra bit of delicious drag up and down their cocks as Vash tries in vain to keep up with Nai.

"Does it?" Nai says, and there's a little bit of a sneer that curls his lip as he buries his nose against Vash's skin – a bit of possessiveness escaping him as he

wishes to take all of Vash into his fold, to protect him and keep him all to himself.

"Mm – yes! Please, don't stop!" Vash gasps, leaning his cheek against the top of Nai's head, holding onto him with his own prosthetic hand. He worries that he'll wrinkle the beautiful fabric that he can't feel, but the tightness of his grip seems to have an effect on Nai, who growls and picks up his pace, rutting against the bottom of Vash's cock in an obvious sign of aggression. As if he's trying to assert himself as dominant…

The thought makes Vash shudder with excitement, throwing his head back to allow the platinum haired Prince more room on his neck to mark him as he sees fit. Nai sets to his task, licking and biting along the expanse of Vash's skin, leading up to the corner of his lips once more.

"Aah – Nai!" Vash's voice breaks on the word, like the cusp of a wave upon the shoreline. Foamy and light, the essence of his words leaving a salty film upon their lips as Nai kisses it away with the swipe of his tongue. He enters Vash's mouth with the same gentle firmness that he holds around his waist – a domineering stance that he carries about himself from the way he dresses to the way he strategically strokes them both in succession. He squeezes their heads, rubbing their sensitive ends with his palm as Vash whines into his exploring tongue.

Nai drinks in his cries for more, angling his hand to favor Vash's already desperately leaking cock. He follows the curvature of it, a long finger playing with the dribbling precum, letting it bubble beneath his gloved touch before pulling away to swipe the taste off onto his tongue. He cannot get enough of Vash's taste, and soon, he speeds up his ministrations – silencing Vash with a voracious attempt to silence all of the blond's sounds with his well trained tongue.

When he pulls away, Vash's eyes are dazed, far away and bubbling with tears of over stimulation. His mouth opens but no intelligible sound comes out, just a slurry of cockdrunk sounds and pleas for Nai to do more – for them to be more…

"Nai…" Vash warns, his words finally coming to him, his hand patting Nai's back in alarm as his stomach tightens and that familiar feeling comes bubbling up from his groin, "I'm going to –"

"Come – Come, please, Vash! Be my bride!" Nai's words drip from him quicker than he can articulate them, and Vash's own words come with a surprised, almost ecstatic hiccup.

"Yes! Nai – yes! Make me yours!" He curls up into Nai's hand, and as he comes magic fills the air. Dazzling, otherworldly sparks fly between and around them, from them, embracing them in all the world's ways of mystical being. It coalesces upon Vash, a surge of energy unlike anything that he's ever felt before swelling in his belly, before moving up to his breastbone. It resembles that fair ache from before, only this one is lighter – as if it has more purpose to the pain that resonates throughout his limbs and settles behind his eyes and teeth. Vash arches his back, melting into Nai's chest, supporting himself on his hand as his body grows as tight as a bowstring. The magic encapsulates him, and finally, a snap fills the air.

Particles disintegrate, falling like fresh snow about them, and Nai looks on with newfound wonder as a cascading pair of wings, sparkling in the morning sun with the dew of a newborn, spread from Vash's back.

Vash gasps, his brain going foggy, his body coming back to him in slow waves of pulsing pleasure. His eyes flutter open, nothing but Nai filling his gaze, and he smiles. It's a smile that Nai wishes to see for the rest of his life, and he seals his own lips over it, a promise of their mutual feelings. He's never felt this way – the fluttering in his chest akin to the beating of the newfound wings that Vash wields so effortlessly.

"I'm… flying?" Vash asks when they break away, his face covered in unshed tears and fairy dust as it falls from his newly sprouted wings like falling stars. Nai looks at him like he's just hung the moon in the sky – a new love blossoming in his chest along with the feelings that he'd already harbored for the one that he holds in his arms.

"Did you mean it?" He asks, and watches how Vash's face changes to one of confusion, "Did you mean it when you said yes?"

Vash's smile comes to him as easily as breathing air – his own wings beating in sync with Nai's as they slowly drift down to the flower beds below. They circle each other, twin planets in an orbit that is all their own, spinning galaxies following each other into an eruption the likes of which none have seen. He laughs, and it's a quiet, knowing laugh that settles behind Nai's breast bone – making its home nestled against his heart. He wishes that the ache it causes would never heal, as it's a fated blow from his own, dear Vash.

"Of course – I'd love nothing more, Nai."

His use of his name is the final nail in his coffin, and Nai knows that he's found the one. The one he was born to find, amongst all his lives and all the universes that could ever be traversed – for once, in all of them, he won't be alone anymore.





Requiem of the Ruined King

Enma Eden

The last month of autumn was cold and dreary, gripping the citizens of London tight with its cold embrace as winter got ready to take over. Even with the threat of winter on the way, the air crisp with autumn cold, the citizens still moved about and went on their way to their various destinations.

How quaint.

Icy-teal eyes roamed around from one end to the other as their owner slowly walked to his own destination. Those eyes landed on the small form waving and advertising the goods he was selling to the passer-bys, some of them stopping to procure it.

"The Ripper strikes again! Another victim claimed by the Devil's Ripper! Read all about it!" A boy with raven hair and light brown skin announced with a loud voice, a forced smile on his lips. The paper in his hands was bought and he hurriedly placed the coins into his pocket. He wrapped his arms around himself, pulling his flimsy excuse of a coat tighter, before rubbing his hands together to warm himself up.

Knives heaved a sigh under his breath before making his way over to the child, the heels of his shoes hitting the cobblestone road with reaffirming clicks. His girth was imposing and oppressive, his height towering over most people. The apathetic look on his face alone with his cold eyes had people hurriedly diverting their eyes away from his face - some going out of their way to make way for him to pass undisturbed.

Even though he looked fearsome and roguish in an Aristocratic way, Knives drew people's attention, some going far as to pause or blush as they took in his rich features - poised and perfect.

Nicholas turned his head and was met with Knives' incoming presence. The pre-teen blinked owlishly before his eyes went wide. "Sa- Saverem-san!"

Knives donned on a small, thin smile as the boy ran up to him. "Hello, Wolfwood. Still as hardworking as ever, I see." The child grinned at him, his chest puffing up. He'd never seen nor met a child so proud to be pulling their own weight and helping to support their family on their own freewill unlike Wolfwood. "How are your sibling and father?"

"Liv is better now, all thanks to you, Doctor-" Wolfwood paused at the amused look Knives gave him, quickly correcting himself. "-er, Saverem-san. His fever has gone down and he's getting his strength back little by little."

"And Vash?"

"He's okay. He's currently at the brothel with Liv. Now that Liv isn't tethering on what he saw as death's door, the Tongari has lost some weight on his shoulders." The child gave Knives a thankful look. "Thank you once again, Doctor."

Knives ruffled Wolfwood's hair, getting a squawk of indignation from the child who batted his hand away. "I'm glad I could help, Wolfwood. I am, first and foremost, a Doctor. So seeing a child suffer when it was just a small matter of a simple cold that could easily be resolved didn't sit quite right with me."

"... that isn't really the full case, now is it?" Wolfwood gave him a side eye, a knowing grin spread wide on his lips.

Knives' lips twitched in amusement. How perceptive, but then again, the child wasn't wrong.

"Well, I've got to go back to selling the newspapers. I've to finish on time so that I can go home early. With this Ripper being so psychotic, I don't want to be an unfortunate victim." The child grimaced, thinking back on the recent murder of the city's infamous serial killer that emerged a few months ago.

Knives hummed. "That would be wise. But then again, the Ripper hasn't gone after children, but I wouldn't advise you to stay out late." He glanced at the remaining stack of newspaper behind Wolfwood. "Why don't I buy the rest? Then we can meet up with your father and brother."

Wolfwood blinked owlishly at the request, stunned a little by Knives' generosity. But then again who was he to refuse the offer?

Moments later saw the adult and child making their way into the red light district, their pace relaxed.

"So..." Wolfwood began, his hands, fingers knit together, behind his head. Wrapped around his neck was Knives' milk-white scarf that was huge on him and provided him with more heat. "...when exactly are you going to tell the Tongari that you fancy him?"

Knives blinked at the child, feet still moving. "...is that approval I hear?"

Wolfwood shrugged. "Whether I like it or not, Vash is one day going to find a partner and be with them. It's better for me to accept the angel that I know than the devil that I don't."

Knives' lips twitched "It's 'the devil you know,' Wolfwood."

"Are you a devil, Saverem-san?" Wolfwood gave him a side eye. "I mean, even if you are, you're better than the so-called 'angels' that I know of - or so they label themselves." He mussed the back of his hair, his fingers running through his locks as his lips curled in a brief sneer. "Chances of Vash being happy with you are high. Besides, you're loaded. I and Livio will live comfortable lives~"

"I'll do my best not to disappoint you, Wolfwood-kun."

"Ya better don't!"

Vash stared at the man walking beside him with little awe through the corner of his eye. He watched with blue eyes sparkling with gratitude as Knives discussed with Wolfwood, Livio in his arms and sleeping soundly - his head resting on Knives' large shoulder.

Knives had given his coat to Vash, the cloth engulfing him fully with how large it was, and his suit jacket wrapped around Livio - leaving him in his black vest and white inner shirt. His arm was around Livio, having a secured grip of the child and ensuring that the boy wouldn't fall.

Vash didn't know what he'd had done to be this lucky so as to hold the interest of the good Doctor. The man was truly a godsend. He squeaked internally when Knives glanced at him, causing him to whip his head to the side to avoid eye contact - his cheeks, already flushed from the cold, going an even brighter red. He didn't see the amused tilt of Knives' lips at his cute action.

Knives had waited in the worker's area for Vash to finish with his assigned customers in the brothel, playing with Livio and looking at the health of Vash's colleagues - for free. It was a weekly thing that he did - either once or twice a week, the good Doctor will visit Vash's working place and do a check up on the worker's there. Vash and the others were afraid that it'd stain his pristine reputation (which it kind of did, with the looks of disdain some elites gave to Knives who recognised the man), but Knives didn't care. To him, their opinions were like noises of bugs - his words, not Vash's.

Once in a while, Vash's fingers brushed against Knives' gloved ones and he threw shy glances at the platinum haired man. Knives would meet his glances head on sometimes, causing Vash to feel giddy - the butterflies fluttering in his stomach never faltering in their flight whenever he was around Knives. He felt like a youngster, unable to hide his obvious interest and adoration from the man who lit up the coals of his veins.

Knives escorted the family of three to their apartment in the dingy corner of the city.

"Huh, there aren't many people outside today..." Vash observed, looking around. He noticed the lack of the usual number of people outside, even on the other side of the city. But then again, it was some minutes to 10pm.

"Why would there be? I mean, no one in their right mind would stay out late when the Ripper is operating freely." Nicholas stated, drawing his adoptive father's attention to him.

"The Ripper?"

"From what I've heard, he struck again." Knives said with a grim expression. "A couple being the unfortunate victims this time."

Vash gasped, his eyes going wide. "What?!"

"Two streets before the junction leading to the brothel. I'm surprised you didn't hear about this, Tongari." Nicholas had a small frown on his face as he looked at Vash.

"I..." Vash took on a pondering look, mind reeling back to see if he missed something. He'd noticed most of the workers in the establishment buzzing, but he'd been too busy to ask what was wrong. He didn't even get a hint through the various whispers his ears managed to catch.

"Yare yare, you're so oblivious sometimes, Tongari." Nicholas heaved out, an exaggerated, exasperated expression on his face.

Vash pouted, drawing a chuckle from Knives.

"Now, now, young Wolfwood, there's no need to tease your father like that. Besides, hearing such news would have spoilt his day." Knives gave the child a warm, amused look before focusing his attention back to Vash. "Speaking of which, how was your day, Vashu?"

Vash started chatting with the doctor with a happy tone, a bright smile on his face, thankful Knives never judged him. It made Vash's heart flutter even more.

The four of them reached Vash's modest apartment, ignoring the eyes on them as they headed towards the comfy home. Knives gently dropped Livio on the bed, checking the child's temperature after Vash removed the extra thick layers of clothing on him. Vash served the doctor a hot cup of tea, watching with keen eyes as Vash prepared a light snack for Nicholas to eat before the child also headed to bed.

"Would you like some biscuits as well, Saverem-san?"

"How many times have I told you, Vashu, please, call me by my name." Knives gave him a small smile, drawing a beautiful blush from Vash. "And no thank you. I have to be on my way. It's quite a long distance from here to my Manor. I have to go now in order to hire a carriage."

"Oh." Vash frowned, forgetting Knives lived a good distance away. No wonder the man could only come into town twice or thrice a week. "Then let me escort you-"

Knives shook his head. "No need for that, Vashu. Besides, I still have a miniscule business to attend to before I finally leave." He stood up and headed for the door, Vash hurriedly following after him.

"Don't forget your coat and scarf, Sava- Knives-san." Vash made to grab said items, but Knives shook his head once again.

"Keep them. After all, I did give them to you and Young Nicholas."

"But-" Vash tried to interject but Knives' warm look stopped him.

"If anything, take them as a gift."

"Okay..." Vash conceded. He wrung his fingers. "Would... would I see you next week, then?" The blonde asked, voice tinged with hope and longing.

"Why, of course." Knives grabbed Vash's hand and raised it to his lips. "My visit is never complete without seeing your beautiful face, my Angel." He placed a chaste kiss on the back of the hand, eyes never leaving Vash's.

In the background, Nicholas silently gagged - his action exaggerated and childish. On one hand, he was amused at seeing Knives effortlessly wooing his adoptive father, but on the other hand, seeing said adoptive father falling *hard* for said wooing just made him feel... *off*.

Vash's face was terribly bright with an enchanting blush and he held in the giggle that threatened to spill from his lips, which were spread in a bright smile. He wished the man a goodnight, Knives doing the same before leaving the apartment.

Vash closed the door with a lovesick sigh. He turned around and he met Nicholas' amused stare.

"Gods above, you have it *bad* for him." Nicholas sniggered out, eyes shining with mischief.

Vash rolled his eyes fondly before walking over to the child and ruffling his hair. He picked up the used dishes, heading to the kitchen to wash them. Whilst he did so, Nicholas decided to snoop through the coat Vash had been gifted.

Just by the texture, one would know that it was a cloth of high quality. The material was soft yet sturdy, thick to touch and could no doubt keep the cold out in the harshest of snow days. For Knives to give this to Vash, something that would've cost a *lot* of money, spoke about the volumes of what he'd do for Vash - that was if Vash would just let him spoil him. But unfortunately, Vash had his pride and didn't want to become a "burden to Saverem-san" - his words, not Nicholas.'

The child decided to check the pockets, not hopeful to find anything useful in them, but when he found a golden pocket watch, he couldn't help but gape. He blinked owlishly at the slightly heavy item in his hands, mouth dry. He slowly and gently popped it open, and when he saw the inside of it, he promptly choked.

"Um... Tongari!" Nicholas called out, voice on the edge of squeaking.

The numbers of the watch was made with what looked like pure silver. The hands of the clock were made of gold and the pin that held said hands seemed to be... diamond?!

Vash dashed over to the gaping child, his face twisted in worry. His worry bled into a confused frown when he saw the object in Nicholas' grasp.

"Where..." Vash gently took the object from his son's eyes and his eyes went wide when he saw the same details his son made notice of. "Nico..." He raised his eyes and laid the fearful orbs onto the boy. "Where did you get this?"

"It was inside the coat the doctor gave to you."

Vash closed the watch and he saw Knives' emblem on the golden surface made with sliver - sliver that seemed embroidered on the gold plate and not painted on. An emblem which he had obsessively memorised every tiny detail of. The work of the pocket watch was simply a masterpiece. Which was more reason Vash wanted it to be with its rightful owner.

"I have to get this to him. This might be important." And the man drove into action.

Nicholas watched as his father in all but blood flew into rushed activity, a small frown ceasing his young forehead.

"Tongari... isn't it better to give it to him when you see him again?"

"Knives won't be coming for a while, Nico." Vash hurriedly wore his boots. "This could be an important piece of family history and I'd rather not have it on me for so long." Besides, Vash didn't want Knives to think otherwise of him, he supplied silently.

Nicholas didn't have to hear him saying those words out loud for him to know what was going on in his father's head. With a sigh, the child held in his complaints and just watched as his father put on the coat gifted to him by Knives and a scarf.

"Go to bed, Nico. I'll be back before you know it. Lock the door behind me."

Nicholas grabbed hold of Vash's coat and held it in a tight grip. "Be careful. You know the Ripper is out there."

A soft smile stretched Vash's lips and he squatted down. "I'll be extra cautious, Nick. I promise to be back in no time." He placed a chaste kiss on Nicholas' forehead.

Nicholas watched as his father walked out the door, dread slowly pooling in his stomach. He did as instructed and closed the door with the key before heading over to the bedroom and lying down with Livio, spooning the sleeping child.

Vash could take care of himself - Nicholas knew this. No matter how timid and delicate the man looked, he could take on a handful of people in a fight - the scars on his body being a proof of his strength.

Nicholas' hold on Livio tightened, a chill suddenly blanketing him even though he was under the covers and the heater was working.

But why, just why, did he feel dread gnawing at his very soul?

Vash had a single mission on his mind as he ran through the densely populated streets. His breath came out in visible puffs due to the cold.

'If I run faster, I might catch up to the coach before it leaves the city.' Vash increased his speed with this thought in mind.

Vash soon found himself on a desolate street, the place like a ghost town. He couldn't help but tense up a little, his eyes darting from one corner to another. He was about to pass an alley when he heard a loud, shrill scream. The blonde abruptly paused in his steps, his body freezing at the sheer terror that suddenly gripped him with the agony and horror that was filled in that very scream.

Vash's head slowly turned towards the alleyway, which was dark and Vash swore the very shadows played tricks in his eyes - swaying and dancing like branches and leaves told in stories filled with horror. He gulped.

"Help!" The voice shrilled again, filled with nothing but pain and desperation. "Someone- ack! No! Please stop! No-!"

Vash could hear the noise of something impacting on flesh and the sound of liquid splashing on a surface through the rush of blood in his ears. His hands got sweaty, even though it was freezing cold, and beads of sweat started rolling down the corner of his face.

One step. Two steps. Three. Four. Vash found himself slowly walking into the alley, his steps light and soundless. From the corner of his eyes, it was as if the shadows on the walls were twisting into indistinguishable beings and to be frank, Vash couldn't stop the slight trembling of his hands.

Blood. That was the first thing that hit Vash's nose like a brick thrown to an unsuspecting victim's head. Then his eyes laid upon the scene that could only be defined as horrific and nightmare inducing.

A tall man wearing a blank, white face mask was bent over a woman and was hands deep into her opened stomach. Vash watched with wide eyes filled with disbelief and horror as the man brought out an organ and held it up in the air to allow the blood to drip down before he placed it on the thick cloth that was placed upon the woman's chest. There was a briefcase opened beside him, in which he placed the organ after wrapping it with the cloth like a gift wrapper.

Vash's breathing was slightly erratic and there was a static noise in his ears. His eyes made contact with the woman's and those dead eyes stared right at him - dull in death yet still speaking of great fear, hopelessness and pain. Her neck was cut from end to end and she bled all over the dirty, alleyway floor - it was as if she had been bled dry like an animal. The cut had her neck bent in an odd shape - she was almost decapitated.

Bile rose up in Vash's stomach and the stench of blood that filled his nose made the feeling worse.

One step back. Two. Three. Four. Vash slowly moved back, eyes still on the figure holding a bloody scalpel and wearing a blood stained coat with a hood that hid his hair.

Unfortunately, fate wasn't on Vash's side as his feet made contact with a discarded bottle, making him trip and cry out. The blonde hissed in pain, his right palm stinging with pain. He immediately realised his situation and snapped his head up, coming face to face with the masked face that was completely blank. There was no mouth, no eyes, no nose. The killer raised a bloody, gloved hand and tried to touch Vash's face with it.

Vash froze with terror as he came face to face with that blank mask sprinkled with red. His breathing became erratic the moment those sticky fingers touched his skin, his hands scrambling to find something on the grime filled floor. "Get-get away!" Vash grabbed what seemed to be a short metal pole and used it to hit the mask of the killer, causing him to stumble back. Vash didn't even hesitate to scramble to his feet.

He left the alleyway in record time, feet never stopping as adrenaline took over his body functions. He decided to spare a look back and was met with the killer standing by the entrance of the alleyway, the bottom of his mask broken and showing off some skin under the gas lamp.

Vash didn't stop in his running. He just wanted to be far away from the Demon he came across.

Vash didn't stop until he collided with a hard body, grunting in pain. He yelled when an arm wrapped around his waist to stop him from falling, flaring and trying to get away.

"Vashu!"

A familiar voice shouted, bringing the blonde out of his terrified haze. He looked up and was met with icy-teal eyes that belonged to a certain someone.

"K- Knives-san!" Vash sobbed out, voice filled with relief. The tears started rolling down his cheeks freely, his body shaking uncontrollably.

"Vash... what's wrong? What happened?" Knives gently cupped Vash's face with both hands. "Is- is this blood?!" His thumb caressed the place on Vash's face the killer's fingers had touched, bringing it up for a closer inspection.

"I- the- he-" Vash stuttered, unable to coherently voice what he wanted to say - causing Knives' expression of worry to get deeper. "*The Ripper!*" Vash finally managed to say, getting a wide eyed look from Knives.

"You- you saw him?!" Knives hissed, his eyes darting up and looking around.

"I- I saw him kill someone!" Vash sounded hysterical. "I- I managed to hit him! Oh my God, *the blood!*"

Knives grabbed hold of Vash's hand and the two were off. With the adrenaline still in his body, Vash was able to keep up - the two dashing and weaving through people. They soon stopped, the two of them catching their breaths.

"We... we have to tell the police!" Vash choked out.

"No, Vashu." Knives stopped him, grabbing hold of his shoulders. "Stop and think for a second."

"But-!"

"Vash, if you do report, who do you think they'll have first on their suspect list?!"

Vash opened and closed his mouth, trying to find the words to reject Knives' reasoning, but Knives continued.

"No one was there except you. If you go to the police, they'll keep you in the station for quite a while. It doesn't matter if the evidence of murder corresponds with the other victim, you were there at the time of murder. Not only that, *the newspapers*, Vash. You'll be on the first page of the newspapers. Your occupation will definitely have them even more suspicious of you. Do you want that kind of attention on Nicholas and Livio? They will not survive the scrutiny of the public. People might even clamour for their removal from your care."

"No..." Vash whispered, eyes wide in horror. "Nico and Liv might be taken away?" He fisted his shirt at his abdomen and twisted it. "My babies... no! I won't allow it!"

"Then let the police find the corpse themselves and do their job." Knives cupped his cheek, his leather glove cold on Vash's skin. Vash blinked as the contact felt so familiar.

"Okay..." Vash inhaled and exhaled, nodding his head. "Okay."

"I know what you saw might have likely traumatised you, but you'll get through this and I'll be by you every step of the way." The man gave a small smile, making Vash's heart flutter at the softness of it. "Come. Let's get you home. I'm sure by now young Nicholas is worried sick." He picked up his briefcase and held out his hand for Vash.

The two walked side by side, a comfortable silence settling over them. The night air was getting colder and fog began to rise.

"What pushed you to come out this late, Vash?"

"I... I wanted to tell you something." Vash lied.

"It couldn't wait until next week?" Knives' brows furrowed.

"Yeah... it's just..." Vash heaved a sigh, wrapping his arms around himself. Even with the jacket, he could still feel the cold. "Nevermind." Vash couldn't tell him. He couldn't tell him that he'd lost his no doubt beloved pocket watch. Vash speculated that he'd lost it whilst running away from The Ripper.

"You really should be careful, Vash."

"... I know." The blonde sighed. "I'm sorry for worrying you so."

Knives gave him another soft smile. "Times are rough. You really should be cautious. I don't want the children to be subjected to the news that their father was killed and his organs taken away in a briefcase by the Ripper."

Vash's feet froze to a halt. "What...?"

Knives paused as well and he turned around. "Vashu? What's wrong?"

"What... what did you just say?"

Knives blinked, brows furrowing in confusion.

"Right now... you just said... how... how did you know that The Ripper was putting the woman's organs into a briefcase? I... I never told you that, and the newspapers made no mention of that information."

The two proceeded to have an intense stare down and with each passing second, Knives' face slowly changed until it relaxed into an impassive stare. The chime of the town's huge clock rang loudly.

Knives reached inside his coat and brought a familiar pocket watch from his breast pocket. Vash's eyes went wide when he saw it.

The buff, platinum haired man popped the watch open and read the time. "Ahh. 12am."

Vash began to move back slowly, his wide eyes on an unbothered Knives - shaking his head in disbelief.

Vash's eyes settled on the briefcase in Knives' hand and his already rapidly beating heart skipped a beat.

Knives wasn't... no!

Like a scene straight from a nightmare, four metal-like tentacles slowly emerged from Knives' back, his eyes going eerily bright till they looked inhuman.

"You know, I was going to wait until the children were old enough to take care of themselves before taking you away." Knives placed the pocket watch back into his breast coat. "It'd have made everything easier. But it seems my plans aren't going as expected. Again. But oh well." The tentacles swayed in the air, somehow hypnotising. "I'll make due."

One moment Knives was afar and the next he was standing before Vash, staring down at him with those eyes. Vash's breath hitched and he was too frozen to move.

Knives lips stretched into a soft smile and his hand reached up to caress Vash's cheek.

"Sleep."

A deep, outwardly voice - which came from Knives' very lips - commanded and Vash found himself obeying the command. His eyes fluttered shut, even though he fought so hard to stay awake.

Knives gently caught Vash, who was falling backwards as he passed out. He picked him up in a bridal carry, Vash feeling perfect in his arms.

"Finally, I have you once again." He laid a kiss on Vash's head. One of his tentacles picked up the briefcase.

With Vash in hand, Knives walked into the night - disappearing into the thick fog.


- fig 2
1. penetrat


2. orgasm
3. fertilization
twin plants
engaged in copulation
tudy in plant

Intercessor

Hollowerebunny

Content Warning:

exhibitionism | explicit sexual content
oral sex | penetrative sex

Nai hates this party. He hates his peers' mindless top 40 pop hits. He hates that they're in his house. He hates their taste in drinks about as much as he hates their taste in music, but at least this tepid, cheap piss they call beer is making all of the other bullshit easier to endure. He never could understand what Vash finds so fun about hosting these types of events, but then again Vash just loves *people*, whereas Nai finds them tedious, so it follows that he would find large gatherings of them tedious, as well.

Nai is usually content to go along for the ride because it makes Vash happy, and his heart had decided from his earliest memories that Vash's happiness is his reason for existence. But parties are exhausting because, friendly and people-pleasing as sober Vash is, drunk Vash is a whole other animal. He thrives on attention and will agree to anything to get more. Perhaps Nai's secondary reason for existing is Vash's preservation.

Vash's bottomless well of love for everyone is one of his most endearing traits, if not the most exhausting. It means Nai has to act as his bodyguard whenever they go out, and while he has no problem ripping the braver, stupider souls off of his brother, or stopping *Vash* from pawing at *them*, intervening usually means facing Vash's displeasure, and it cuts him deeply when Vash is upset with him. His pout is devastating. That petulant little wrinkle between his brows, those big, watery eyes and wobbling bottom lip are like a jackhammer to even the stoniest of hearts.

Nai frowns into his half-empty bottle of swill just thinking about it.

He looks over at Vash, who is seated precariously at the edge of a broken kitchen chair-turned-stool, its back missing and legs wobbling on the uneven dirt of their backyard. He is tuning his guitar in front of a bonfire that definitely goes against fire code to play for a small crowd gathered in a circle of mismatched lawn chairs, upturned storage bins, and a cooler. He smiles serenely as he tweaks the strings to match his pitch, which is impressively still perfect even with two Beer Pong matches and a game of Kings under his belt. A body so lithe shouldn't be able to hold so much booze. He really is something.

"Alrighty," Vash says, strumming an open G chord with satisfaction.

"Any requests?" Vash looks around the circle expectantly.

“If nobody says anything, I’ll play Wonderwall. Don’t test me, I’ll do it.” The threat earns him a chorus of groans and half-hearted chuckles.

“Play Hozier.” Nai supplies the answer he knows Vash was hoping for. He’s been neglecting his final paper to learn these songs, after all.

Vash nods eagerly.

Everyone goes quiet, and without another word, Vash begins a rendition of *Like Real People Do* that has them all swooning. His voice is a little breathy and his words a bit slurred, but his notes are true and his expression captivating. By the first chorus, he has them swaying along, and there’s a soft patter of applause at the end with a single enthusiastic whoop.

Vash blushes with a practiced humility, as if he’s not expecting it.

Their peers buy it, but Nai knows better. This is like foreplay for them. Vash presents himself to the adoring public, soaks up their love, and once his holy vessel’s full to overflowing, he pours it out into Nai.

Nai watches fondly as Vash basks in the moment, the warmth and light radiating from his smile putting the bonfire to shame. As irritating as it is at times to suffer so many other eyes on his brother, he understands that he needs to be worshipped. Nai is satisfied knowing that no matter how big Vash’s flock grows, no matter how devoted they become, no matter what paltry offerings they lay at his feet, Nai is the only one that their god will ever deem worthy of reciprocity.

Vash needs them, but he *wants* Nai.

“Wow, that was beautiful!” A familiar voice snaps Nai out of his reverie, and his smile morphs into an irritated moue at the arrival of Vash’s most ardent devotee.

“Meryl, you made it!” Vash sets the guitar down a little too hard in his excitement, the strings losing a discordant twang as the beat up wooden body *tunks* against the packed dirt. He stands a little to throw an arm around her neck and loses his balance, yanking her down with him when his ass crashes back to the stool. It sends the two of them into a fit of giggles, and they cling to each other.

Nai notices that Meryl lingers for a moment after Vash has released her, and he has to hide his disapproval behind another swig of lukewarm PBR. He grimaces. *Disgusting*.

“I told you I would.” She looks around the circle when she *finally* lets go, trying and failing to find a seat near Vash. She shifts from foot to foot, fingers worrying the cuffs of her jacket sleeves. Her lower lip juts much the same as Vash’s does when he pouts, but the effect is decidedly less charming on her.

“Aw, Mer. Uh… hm.” Vash scans the circle before standing up to offer his own seat. He ignores Meryl’s frankly performative protests and hops to his feet anyway with a Vanna White-esque motion of his arms toward the vacant stool. This sends him wobbling, his world swimming and sinking with vertigo.

Nai seizes the opportunity and tugs him down onto his lap, bracing him securely in place with a muscled arm.

Nobody bats an eye. The Saverem boys are just sort of... like that. They're twins, after all. Twins are supposed to be close.

Vash protests at first, but that's also a performance. Nai can feel his cunt throb against his leg, feel him grow hotter as he subtly leans forward to stimulate that sensitive nub between his thighs.

To any observers, it just looks like Vash can't hold himself upright. That's nothing new, either. He always gets sloshed at these parties. What would they think if they knew their angel could be such a little devil at times? If they knew what a slut he was for his brother's touch.

Meryl, for her part, just looks unimpressed as she takes Vash's stool, her victory short-lived.

Nai sneers at her when their eyes meet, a blink-and-you-miss-it flit across his face nobody else catches, and his fingers snake under Vash's jacket to rub ticklish, subtle circles where his hand rests over his stomach.

Vash shivers against him and adjusts his position to hide the tiny motion, finally relaxing back into Nai's chest.

Meryl's eyes narrow in suspicion, or perhaps in challenge.

She hasn't seen anything yet. Nai has a much better show planned for her later.

Meryl should have taken the bait by now. Nai anticipates that she'll be arriving any moment. He can't wait for her to see the surprise he has prepared just for her.

Or for Vash, rather.

The familiar surroundings of Vash's bedroom are fuzzy with darkness broken by a smattering of constellations cast by the nightlight. No more booming bass, no more hollering of wasted coeds. The room is silent save for the noises of distress coming from below him.

"Always so impatient. Your present is coming, don't you worry."

"Present?" Vash slurs.

And as if summoned, there she is.

A quiet rap at the cracked door, the creak of the hinges as it's pushed open,

the beam of dim light from the hall widening before a human-shaped shadow moves to obscure it.

“Vash, you left your guitar downstairs. I thought you might-“ Meryl gasps and the guitar clangs to the floor for the second time that night.

Nai’s grin turns smug and he angles his face to meet her stare.

“He’s beautiful like this, isn’t he?”

Vash is kneeling before him, hands placed obediently on his knees and a flushed cheek smushed against Nai’s naked hip, eyes lidded dreamily as he peppers his brother’s skin with little kisses.

Nai returns his focus to Vash and runs his hand through his hair, letting the golden silk sift through his fingers as he lightly scratches at his scalp.

Vash seems uncertain at first, confused and concerned by Meryl’s presence, but he is quickly distracted by the movement of Nai’s fingers. Nai can be trusted. Nai has always kept him safe. It’s okay that they have an audience if Nai invited them here, and his nails just feel *so* good as they drag over his skin.

“That’s right. I always take care of you, don’t I?”

In contrast to his soothing tone, Nai closes his fingers into a fist at the crown of Vash’s head. His mouth gapes wide in a gasp of pleasure and pain that morphs into a filthy moan. The sound goes straight to Nai’s cock, and Vash’s eyes cross as they try to focus on it when it twitches enticingly just centimeters from his open mouth.

“W-what are you doing? This is- you can’t-“ Meryl stands stunned in the doorway. She should be horrified, but to her shame, she’s captivated. Curious.

“Exactly what it looks like,” Nai replies coolly, then, “close the door behind you, if you would. Doesn’t matter to me which side of it you’re on when you do.” But he knows she’ll stay.

And she does. Meryl swallows around the heavy lump in her throat and the door clicks shut behind her. She looks conflicted, surprised at herself and very guilty. She says nothing, just blinks owlishly in the gossamer moonlight filtering in through the window by the bed, and waits for something else to happen. She seems to understand that Nai is the one in control here and, like Vash, she cannot act without his permission.

“Good.” Not *‘good girl.’* His praise is for Vash only. Meryl is merely a prop in their play. She’s lucky to be here at all.

“Do you like your present, Vash?” Nai asks.

“Present?” Vash repeats again, his eyes bouncing between a frozen Meryl and Nai’s cock in confusion.

"A… hm, a congregant," is all the explanation Nai gives. He takes himself in hand, resting the tip of his cock against Vash's lips. The time for talk is over. The service begins.

"Worship me."

Vash gives Meryl one more uncertain glance, but he can't deny that her presence ignites something hot and shameful deep in his core. He's not oblivious. He knows that she likes him. That she wants him. For her to see him like this…

He's flooded with a different kind of shame, but it's no less arousing, and the muscles in his pelvis tense traitorously and he feels a gush of slick soak his underwear. In a way it feels like a sort of permission, admitting to himself that he wants this, too, and so he does as he's commanded, gratefully covering the head of Nai's cock with slow drags of his tongue until it's wet enough for him to wrap his lips around it and take it easily. The booze has made him a little sloppy, drool already pooling at the corners of his mouth as he savors the heady scent of Nai's sex, but he teases his tongue ring along the underside the way he knows Nai likes as he bobs his head back and forth, up and down the shaft, taking more and more of him in with each push. Vash's expression is pure bliss.

Nai appears completely unfazed, but the dimness of the room hides the sweat beading his brow and telltale tension in his core as he fights to keep himself from letting himself go and just fuck Vash's face. He could take it, would love it, but Nai needs to draw this out. They're putting on a show, after all, and they can't disappoint their audience.

Nai can't let anyone think for even a moment that they could do better than him.

"Easy now." Nai tightens his grip on Vash's hair again and guides his movements, making sure he doesn't take too much of him too quickly. Vash whines in protest, throat clicking as he tries to swallow around the mouthful, nostrils flaring as he remembers to breathe.

He's gotten so good at this.

"Take your time, Baby. There you go."

The pet name sends another shiver racing down Vash's spine and he begins to squirm, trying to be subtle as he shifts a foot beneath his body to grind his throbbing cunt against it.

He almost gets away with it, but Nai catches the rhythmic rocking of his hips almost immediately and steps back, letting his dick slip from Vash's mouth. He instantly misses the warmth of his brother's body, but he can't let the transgression go unpunished.

It's cute how Vash tries to chase his cock with his mouth, but Nai maintains his hold on Vash's hair.

Vash arches his back, the weight of his own loose body making the tug on his

scalp all the more delicious. His teary eyes glint in the dark and his mouth hangs open and wanting, tongue lolling, lips shiny with spit.

"Whuh-"

"See how wrecked and needy he gets for my cock?" Nai tuts, shakes his head, and taps his foot against the heel Vash had been riding to let him know he's been caught.

"So needy he forgets how to behave himself. And here I was just bragging about you to your friend, Vash. You'd make a liar of me?"

Vash has the decency to look contrite, brows scrunching together as his eyes roll up to meet Nai's apologetically. Slowly, he scoots off of his foot and moves it back to where it was.

Nai smiles down at him benevolently.

"I know. You just need it so bad. You want to be good, but you want to *feel* good, too, and you just can't help yourself."

Vash nods, eager to please and desperate to be back in Nai's good graces.

"I forgive you." Nai strokes himself a few times, chuckling at the way Vash's eyes snap to the motion as soon as he does it.

"I'll give you another chance. Now go on and show your little friend what you can do."

Vash doesn't wait for further instruction before his mouth is back around Nai's cock. They moan together, relieved to be connected again, and the sound is echoed by Meryl's quiet whimpering.

Nai smirks and throws his head back as he starts thrusting his hips, savoring the wet glide over Vash's tongue.

Vash can read Nai's intentions and knows what's coming. He holds still and relaxes to let his brother chase his pleasure.

There's a quiet gasp from behind Nai, the rustling of clothing as Meryl squirms and squeezes her thighs together.

"Do you hear that, Vash? You get her so excited without even touching her. Feels. So good. To be wanted. Doesn't it?" Nai's thrusting has become more feverish, cracks forming in his composure. He cradles Vash's head in his hands as he snaps his hips over and over. He hates to admit it, but he may be really into being watched. He feels powerful, special. It feeds his ego to parade his privilege in front of the undeserving. Maybe this was as much for him as it was for Vash.

"I'm- ah!" He's so close. Every time he hits the back of Vash's throat, feels it tighten reflexively to gag on him or swallow him down, it teases his oversensitive head and nearly pushes him over the edge. He can feel the magma heat pooling in

his groin, his balls drawing up tight, muscles humming with tension. He needs to-

"Don't swallow," Nai grunts, and he manages to pull back just in time to fill Vash's mouth with thick, hot seed.

He barely hears the shaky whisper of "oh my god" from somewhere behind him.

They're only getting started.

Nai hisses as he withdraws again and gazes down at his brother.

Vash's cheeks are puffed slightly, and Nai can just make out the way his jaw and throat work in aborted little spasms as he tries so hard to hold Nai's release like he was ordered.

Nai leans down and gently caresses Vash's cheek, lightly tracing his fingers along his jaw to settle under his chin.

"Show me."

Vash does as he's asked, mouth opening carefully to reveal his tongue, curled to hold as much cum as it can. There's too much of it, though, and without the levee of his lips it's already starting to flood over the sides and dribble down his chin in a mix of saliva and semen.

Nai makes a satisfied noise and steps aside to give Meryl a better view. He knows she probably can't make out much in the semidarkness, but there's no mistaking what just happened, what he's trying to convey to her. This is his.

"Show her." Nai turns Vash's head to face Meryl, and they both react shyly as their eyes register one another.

"I- I, um…" Meryl sounds like she is about to pass out, or run. "Shit. I should…"

"Mer?"

Vash pleads with her even as he maintains his obedience to Nai, the syllables of her name garbled and unintelligible around the mess in his mouth.

Nai silences him with a kiss. It's enough to stop Meryl in her tracks again, the wet smacking of their tangling tongues, the filthy way they moan into one another's mouths, how readily Vash circles his arms around his brother's broad back and locks his ankles around his waist to bring him closer and grind again his dick even with his own clothes still on. Not for long, though.

Nai loves this, tasting himself on Vash's tongue, sweetened with the pitiful noises he makes as he's overwhelmed in his pleasure and the tide of love that crashes over him. Effortlessly, he snakes his hands under Vash's legs and hoists him up, walking him a few steps back to set him at the edge of the bed.

"Your turn, love." Nai extricates himself from Vash's embrace, shushing his

protests with little kisses as he works the fly of Vash's pants and pulls them down, taking his underwear with them. He wishes he could see better, knows how messy Vash gets from having his mouth used, can picture in his mind's eye the sticky string of slick that connects his pussy to his underwear stretching obscenely and severing as they come apart. He does regret that Meryl can't see it, but she's about to get an eye full of something much better.

Nai tosses the pants off into the corner where Vash's laundry basket sits, finding some small satisfaction when he hears them make their mark. He holds onto Vash's calves to keep him still, and it never fails to thrill him at just how much smaller Vash is, his legs strong but deceptively slender. They feel so thin in his grip, but there's power in the way they flex against his palms and resist the dig of his fingers.

Tenderly, he kisses Vash's knee and leaves a trail of licks and bites along his thigh as he noses his way toward his goal. He delights in the way Vash's breath hitches with each nip and nibble, the way he whines when Nai stops just short of his pussy and repeats the process on the other side. Vash's skin is so soft, his scent intoxicating, and it's enough to drive Nai wild. It isn't long before he gives in and buries his face in the damp blonde curls between Vash's legs.

Immediately, Vash cries out, and it's his turn to pull Nai's hair, flinging a leg over his shoulder with his heel digging into his twin's back, his other hand gripping the edge of the mattress for stability as he rocks his hips and rides Nai's tongue. He was already so close just from sucking him off, and it's an embarrassingly short time before he's falling back onto the comforter and making a mess of Nai's mouth.

In a flash, Nai is on top of him, pinning him with his weight. Not that Vash would even think of going anywhere. Nai towers over him, a vague but unmistakable sight, striking even in the lowlight that blurs the lines of their forms and their morals.

Nai removes his shirt, throwing it to join Vash's trousers.

"Girl, come here," Nai commands, twisting around to capture Meryl with a hard look.

She flinches, and he thinks this might just be the moment she flees and ruins everything, but as always his judgment is sound, and after a moment of waffling she does as she's told, tiptoeing her way toward them unsteadily, traversing the small distance of carpet like a bed of hot coals. She stops at the foot of the bed, looking up at him, so small and insignificant in the presence of this elevated being.

"Don't look away," Nai says, lowering his voice. "Remember tonight. When you want him, when you're alone at night and thinking of him, when you recall the sound of his voice and it stokes the fire inside of you, do not forget who he cries out for. Remember it well, and know your place, and be grateful you ever got this close."

Nai's demeanor softens when he returns his attention to Vash. He embraces him, resting his forehead against Vash's own, curling over him protectively and possessively as he aligns his cock with Vash's hole.

Slowly, ever so slowly, Nai pushes his way inside with a little gasp. They've been doing this for years, and still every time he's awed both at how tight Vash feels around him and how easily he takes him. In one fluid movement Nai is seated fully inside of him, and finally they are complete.

"Vash. Oh, my Vash," he says like a prayer, chanting his god's name again and again against his lips, delivering every plea directly to the source and receiving his own name in answer, a call and response of two inseparable halves returning to one another. The breaths passed between them are an exchange of life, and even the spite that brought their acolyte here to bear witness could not taint their holy communion, their ritual borne of a love so true it could only be right. This is not their fall from grace, but an ascension to a paradise that's just for them.

Meryl's jaw drops at the display before her, and her fingers twitch at the waistband of her shorts. She could… should she….

It is too late to turn back now, and her own body will not let her. Her eyes are like saucers as she stands there slack jawed and unable to look away from the place Nai disappears into Vash's body. She is mesmerized by the rhythm of their coupling as they begin to move in tandem, Nai's cock withdrawing, thick and shining with Vash's fluids, only to vanish into him again as Vash chases the length that has been lost to his body, desperate to contain all of Nai within himself.

She cannot bring herself to cover her ears, to block out the chorus of breathy, reedy moans and high pitched gasps like a siren song.

The passion they share will haunt her, replaying in the back of her mind when she finds herself in other peoples' beds, constantly comparing what they have to what she and her partners do not.

She should be sickened. She should be horrified. But she's just…. Jealous. Jealous and resigned and aching with need. She understands now, and in a way Nai *has* given her a blessing, because she knows the chase is futile. She can give up.

And she does. She has accepted their reward for her devotion, will think on it alone in her room, let the memory baptize her from within when she meditates on it.

The boys seem too wrapped up in each other at this point to notice her leave, let alone care. The ritual must continue, but her part in it is over.

Vash is oblivious, and Nai just barely hears the door open and then click shut again. He isn't worried. She won't tell. No one would believe her if she did, and it wouldn't be anything they didn't already suspect. And most importantly, she won't bother them anymore. He is alone with God, as it was meant to be.


KUMATARO

Letting Loose

imnotpoppunk

Content Warning:

oral sex | penetrative sex

Nai is usually a very reserved sort of man. He doesn't go out often, and he doesn't quite know how to *cut loose* and relax. Originally, his plan for this Saturday night had been to work on some of those files he'd brought home from the office so that he could get a head start on next week's business.

But then one of his co-workers extended a last minute invitation to a bachelor party.

"It's a group of ten of us, someone dropped out and we reserved a table for ten, so I wanna make sure I get my money's worth," Wolfwood had explained to him, laying it out in a way that was actually surprisingly clever. The bastard knew he could use logic and frugality to sway Nai's decision.

So he accepted.

It wouldn't have made sense for Wolfwood to have paid for a party of ten for only nine people. Yeah, that's the excuse Nai tells himself in order to *not* feel guilt over neglecting his take-home work.

Yet, that excuse doesn't quite suffice when he finally enters the establishment he'd been instructed to meet the party at. It's a *gentleman's* club, though the lobby entrance feels more like it belongs at the front of a fine dining restaurant. Not that he really knows what a strip club *should* look like.

He tells the hostess—A woman wearing a silky black dress and sensible heels—Wolfwood's name and she smiles and beckons for him to follow her into the next room. It looks like a dinner theater of sorts, where the tables are arranged close to the stage. Except on *this* stage there's a shiny pole right smack in the middle of it, and the people who service the tables are clad only in frilly lingerie sets.

"Saverem! Over here!"

His ears perk at the sound of his name being called, and his eyes are immediately drawn to the table closest to the front of the stage where Wolfwood appears to be absolutely *hammered*. Their table is the most rambunctious in the entire place, and Nai's ears flush red with embarrassment at being seated with a bunch of drunk idiots.

"Saverem, huh?" The hostess murmurs.

“What?” Nai responds, giving the hostess a questioning look.

“Nothing, have a great time, sir,” she says sweetly, letting him off to reluctantly join his party of buffoons.

“Glad ya could make it, dude!” Wolfwood slurs, throwing his arm over Nai’s shoulders as he proceeds to introduce him to the rest of his bachelor crew. When he’s through rattling off all the names that Nai definitely won’t remember, he turns back and shoves a drink into his hand.

“Loosen up, bud, have a drink,” he chuckles. “We got pitchers!”

“Fine,” Nai mutters. He’s not one to overindulge, but he could use a fucking drink if he wants to survive the rest of the night with… whatever this is. Maybe he made a mistake. Maybe he should just sneak out while they aren’t watching and apologize to Wolfwood on Monday when he sees him in the office.

Just as he’s planning his escape route, the lights in the room go off, leaving them in the darkness for a few moments until the neon stage lights flicker on and start to set a much different scene. The room cheers and whistles, even though nothing has happened outside of a lighting change.

“Aw, fuck, this is it,” Wolfwood chuckles. “This is why I picked this place. Stampede is the best fuckin’ dancer in the city. No, the fuckin’ *world*, probably.”

Nai wrinkles his nose at the mixture of cigarettes and alcohol that swirls from Wolfwood’s lips. Nai doubts the performance is about to be as good as Wolfwood claims it to be, but he *did* come all the way out here, so he might as well see what all the fuss is about.

With a deep sigh he looks up at the stage, taking note of the way people get up from their tables and start to crowd around the edge of the stage, gripping their double dollars tight.

Sultry music plays and the curtains slowly slide open, eliciting a mess of yells and whistles from the crowd. Jaw tight, Nai takes another sip of his drink…

And then nearly *chokes* on it as *The Stampede* slinks his way to center stage. He's tall, lean, dressed in black lingerie and thigh-high boots. He knows exactly who this man is, but he still can't seem to take his eyes off the way he prances around, the way he walks *right by* Nai and doesn't even notice him standing there.

"Sexy, right?" Wolfwood grins.

"That's…That's my brother," he says, eyes still fixed on The Stampede, better known to him as *Vash*. As in Vash Saverem, his *twin brother.*

"Well shit," Wolfwood laughs. Nai isn't really sure he understood what the implications of that would be. That *maybe* he shouldn't be standing there, staring at his little brother as he dances around a pole, his pants already getting a little bit tighter.


sansidia

It's shameful, it's wrong.

But it isn't Nai's fault that Vash is absolutely breathtaking. The way he grips the pole and slides his body against it, slotting it between his legs—holy *fuck*. The other men there try to get his attention, throw money at him, and something about it makes Nai's blood *boil*.

He's mine!

And maybe that's not what a brother should say. He should be mad in order to protect him, not out of jealousy. Yet here he is…

Vash waltzes by and shakes his ass for the crowd. Nai watches, angry as a man reaches out and tries to grab him, then smirks as security yanks the motherfucker away in record time. Is this normal for Vash? Men pay exorbitant prices to watch him take his clothes off and dance?

Nai bites on his lower lip as Vash's thumbs hook into the strings of his thong, teasing the audience and pulling them down as low as they'll go without revealing his privates.

"Fucker never even takes his clothes off," Wolfwood grins.

"Never?" Nai asks, not sure why that fact brings him so much relief. And a sense of superiority because, of course, he's seen Vash naked *tons* of times.

"People love his teasing," Wolfwood adds. "God, I wanna see his pussy so bad."

"Aren't you getting married?" Nai scoffs.

"Aren't you his *brother?*"

Nai closes his mouth and turns away. He can't argue with that one, can he?

His face burns hot as he avoids eye contact with Wolfwood for the rest of the set. It's easy to do given the show that Vash puts on. He never knew that Vash was such a good dancer…or that he had such an amazing ass.

The set ends entirely too quickly, with the crowd cheering and hurling double dollars onto the stage. And *The Stampede* is clearly so top-tier that he can't be bothered with picking up the cash on his own. Instead, he blows a kiss to the crowd and saunters away while a stagehand runs on to collect it all for him.

"Well that was a fuckin' treat, huh?" Wolfwood chuckles, mostly addressing the rest of his bachelor party. Nai swallows, his throat dry while the rest of them seem to move on to shots or pints or whatever the fuck it is.

Nai can't get past it, though. He can't shake what he just saw.

He needs to see Vash.

Without saying anything to the rest of the party, he fights through the crowd until he comes to a door at the side of the stage that leads to where Vash had walked off to. The door is guarded by a tough-looking bouncer who shakes his head before Nai can even say anything.

"But—"

"There is no way in hell I am letting you back here," he scoffs.

"I need to see Vash."

"Everyone fuckin' needs to see him. He's a dancer, not an escort. Now leave before *I* have to *escort* you out of here."

Nai gapes at him, at a loss for words because he doesn't know how he can manage to make this guy understand that he isn't like all the other gross assholes in the crowd. (Yeah that would go well—*I'm not weird, I'm just his brother who watched him strip tease and liked it.*)

But then, as if an angel of fate had just smiled upon him, the door behind the security guard creaks open, and *Vash* peeks out. Nai freezes, his eyes locking onto Vash's as they both stare at each other.

"Vash," he breathes.

"N-nai! What are you doing here?!" he squeaks. "I thought I heard your voice but—Ah, this is so embarrassing!"

"Wait, you know this dude?" the guard asks him. Vash swallows and nods. "He said he needs to see you."

"Oh, you do?"

Oh, fuck.

"Y-yeah," Nai croaks, his voice nearly failing him as he realizes he doesn't know what the fuck he's going to say once he gets Vash alone finally.

"He can come back with me, it's okay. He's my brother," Vash tells the guard. The guy raises an eyebrow at Nai, judging the current situation for sure.

"Whatever, none of my business."

"Thanks!" Vash beams, beckoning for Nai to follow him. Anxiously, he steps through the doorway and follows Vash down a dimly lit hallway. He can't help but stare at him as he walks, still dressed in his stage clothes and teasing an awful lot of skin.

He doesn't say anything, either, which makes it a lot more nerve wracking.

"This one's my room," Vash tells him, giving Nai a small smile before inviting him into the private dressing room. There, he can see Vash in better lighting. He can see every fleck of glitter that shimmers on his skin, every curve of muscle on his body.

"Since when do you do…*this?*" Nai scoffs, probably sounding way more judgmental than he has any right to be. Vash frowns.

"It's not really any of your business," he mutters. "Why are you here?"

"A coworker invited me, and then you came on stage and I thought you were going to start taking your clothes off for all those men!" Nai says, unintentionally raising his voice. Vash pauses and gives him an odd look.

"So you watched the whole set?"

"Wh-what?" Nai stammers, not expecting the question. How is he supposed to answer that? Yeah, he watched the whole thing! Yeah, he got an erection! So what?

"You watched, realized it was me, and then continued to watch thinking I was going to take my clothes off," he clarifies, the emotion behind his words mostly unreadable. Nai wets his lips and swallows, not sure how to respond.

"Yes?"

Vash stares at him, blinking slowly before letting his eyes travel south. Fuck. *Fuck*. He should leave. At the very least he should turn around so it isn't so obvious.

"Are you…hard?"

Nai can't tell if he's horrified or intrigued.

"I'm…" Nai can't do it. He can't say it and risk having Vash hate him for the rest of their lives. He's so fucked.

"You are, aren't you?" Vash asks, his voice lowering to a point where it's almost sultry. Nai isn't sure if that's intentional or not, but he gets his answer when Vash steps closer and cups his hand over the bulge in Nai's jeans. "Yeah, fuck, you're hard as a *rock*."

"Y-yeah," Nai admits, shamefully. He swallows as Vash presses the palm of his hand harder against his straining cock, clearly teasing him.

"Do you still wanna see me get naked?" Vash whispers, his voice slow and deliberate. Maybe it's a trap, and Vash is just messing with him. He likes to play around, maybe Nai should turn around and leave with the minute shreds of dignity he has left.

He *should*, but he doesn't.

"Yeah."

All he can hear is the static in his own ears as Vash's lips draw dangerously close to his own. He trembles but tries to keep it together…

And then Vash pulls back and turns away from him. All at once, Nai is filled with absolute dread. This is bad. There's no way in hell he's coming back from this! Vash will hate him and think he's a sick fucking freak—

"You're lucky, Nai. I don't do this for just anyone," Vash finally says. Nai can't do anything except stare at him, dumbfounded as his twin turns around again and hooks his thumbs under the waistband of his thong. It's not unlike the way he pulled at it when he was teasing the masses onstage not too long ago.

Nai just nods along, eyes fixed as Vash slips the slight fabric down to his ankles. His pose shields him until he stands upright again. The garter belt he wears frames his sex perfectly, drawing Nai's eyes right to his clean-shaven mound and his slick, swollen clit.

He's hard, too…

"Well? Aren't you going to say something?" Vash hums, batting his eyelashes.

"You're fuckin' perfect," he chokes, all thoughts of morality and decency long gone from his head.

Vash's lips curl into a pretty, sexy smile as his eyes flicker to the obvious tent in Nai's jeans. He clears his throat and gives Nai an expectant look. Does he—? Oh fuck, he does.

His hands shake as he unbuttons his pants and pushes them down to the ground, furiously kicking them out of the way. He's never felt this desperate to get naked before, but there's something about the way Vash just has to give him a certain *look*.

That's all the permission he needs to cross every boundary he's ever imagined between the two of them. In an instant he's naked, too, his cock hard and finally free. The way Vash looks down at his length and bites down on his lower lip makes him want to scream. He can't hold back now, they've already come this far.

"Fuck, Vash," Nai grimaces, taking a step closer to his brother. He hisses as his cockhead brushes against Vash's hip.

"We really shouldn't," Vash reminds him. Though, his coy smile paired with the way he hoists himself up onto the dressing room counter and spreads his knees suggests that he doesn't have any reservations about crossing that line.

Heart hammering in his chest, Nai steps closer and closer until he's standing in between Vash's spread knees. His brother leans back on his hands and smirks. "What are you gonna do, brother?"

Nai is absolutely done for.

Something in him snaps all at once, and he suddenly can't handle taking things slowly anymore. No, now he has to have Vash. Has to have every last bit of him. Eager and hungry, he drops down to his knees and drags his tongue along where Vash's folds meet.

"A-ah, Nai," Vash breathes out, pretty and sexy and *holy fuck*. It serves as encouragement, a not-so-subtle reminder that he's not the only degenerate here. Vash is just as eager as he is to do the unthinkable. "N-Nai, that's so *dirty*."

It is. He's right. But for some reason the way Vash says it turns him on more than anything ever has before.

Nai moans against him, smiling at the way Vash's breathing hitches. Musky, slick fluids gush against Nai's tongue and he drinks them in, slurping up every drop of Vash that he can.

"Nai, *fuck*," Vash moans again.

Impatient and painfully hard, Nai stands up again with Vash's juices still dribbling down his chin. Vash's face is red and his eyes are glassy; a perfect picture of debauchery and Nai isn't even finished yet. Nai slots himself between Vash's quivering thighs and pulls him in by the chin to connect their lips in a sloppy first kiss.

Involuntarily, his hips rock against Vash's and he can feel the drag of Vash's hard, chubby clit pressing against the underside of his cock. It's almost enough to make him lose his shit right then and there, but by some miracle he holds it together. His brother's hands find the back of his neck, holding them together in their kiss as Nai's hips move a little more.

The friction grows longer and longer with each sway, up until Nai's cockhead finally catches on Vash's entrance. He chokes against Nai's lips, trembling as Nai pushes inside of him. All that confidence from before seems to be gone, and what's left is nothing but a puddle of Vash in the palm of Nai's hand.

"Nai," he gasps as Nai finally pushes in, letting himself get sucked inside that squeezing, pulsating heat. He pushes until his hips are flush with Vash's inner thighs, his entire length stuffed inside his only brother. His twin.

He lets out a strangled moan and drops his forehead against Vash's shoulder. He has to move.

Vash cries out as Nai snaps his hips, quickly building speed and power in his thrusts until the only sounds that fill the air are the sounds of skin slapping against skin.

"N-nai, I'm so close," Vash sobs, squeezing his shoulders tight and wrapping his legs around Nai's waist.

"Me too," Nai grunts, his balls already starting to tighten.

Eager to hold on just a little longer, he pulls out and guides Vash to turn around and bend over the counter. For a split second they both freeze, their reflections making eye contact in the mirror, both suddenly aware of what they're doing.

But it's only for that split second.

Thankfully.

Nai pushes into him again, his eyes trained on the sinful faces Vash makes as he fucks him. He reaches around and in between Vash's legs, earning a high-pitched moan as he jerks at his throbbing clit.

"N-Nai, oh *fuck, Nai*—" Vash cries out, louder this time, as his hips twitch and he all but collapses against the counter. Nai grins at the sight and buckles down, fucking into his spasming hole until he sees white. And then, without a second thought, he's cumming inside, filling Vash's cunt with his own seed. With their shared DNA.

It's so fucking bad.

But it's also amazing.

When he's finally ready to face what he's done, he steps back and admires the way his own spend drips down Vash's thighs. Vash takes a deep breath before hoisting himself up and turning to face Nai.

"So ah, yeah," Nai swallows. Vash raises an eyebrow.

"That's all you have to say?"

"What am I supposed to say?" Nai retorts. Vash stares him down for a moment, lips pursed.

He shrugs.

"That we should do this again sometime…that you enjoyed yourself," Vash suggests.

"Should we?" Nai asks, clearing his throat and watching as Vash's lips curl into a devilish grin.

"Of *course* we should," he smiles. "I was worried we were drifting apart, honestly. I'm glad we found something we can both enjoy together."

Nai nods, agreeing, but still at a loss for words.

"You should go, before someone starts to think I've been fucking my brother."

"Right…I'll call you," he promises.

With that, he dresses himself, kisses Vash on the cheek, and then finds his way back to Wolfwood's bachelor party.

"There ya are," Wolfwood says, his words more slurred than before. "I was worried you took off!"

"No, I just needed some air, that's all," he lies. Wolfwood grins, completely oblivious, and hands him another drink.

For whatever reason, he suddenly feels like it's a lot easier to let loose and enjoy himself. Maybe he just needed that release…and the promise that he'd be seeing Vash again for more.

He just has to figure out a way to compose himself when they announce that Vash the Stampede is coming out for an encore.




weiyi_swy

The Boss's Pet

kissofstyx

Content Warning:

exhibitionism | explicit sexual content | voyeurism | fingering

The meeting room is packed with Eden's members, along with a handful of representatives from neighboring groups. Men in sleek suits and patterned shirts sit around a long center table. Behind them stand even bigger men, bodyguards, armed and ready for any foolish intruders, or a disagreement. Though, no one would dare with the notoriety of their name and the austerity of their boss, Millions Knives.

Today's meeting is simple, nothing important nor controversial, but one that must be had for formalities' sake—an update on their group's current dealings. A way to weed out the liars and the thieves. Knives is not as uninvolved as it seems, and his closest men know so. He has eyes everywhere, little birds and pretty vipers hidden amongst the leaves.

Knives sits at the head of the table, looking his part—a man of cunning and power. His almost-silver blonde hair is pushed back, not a single strand astray from its waxed hold, and if one were to get close enough, they would scent the clean musk of his aftershave. He's dressed to perfection, in a crisp white suit, if not for the open collar of his dress shirt and his missing blue tie.

He's a handsome man, a beautiful one even, and in another life, he could have been a model or an actor. Rumors had it that he could sing, too, though no one had ever heard proof. Reporters were dying to get a scoop on him, both literally and metaphorically. Everyone had their own ideas about the young boss ruling the streets of July. What they wouldn't know, what is forbidden to even think about, is Knives' little secret—his strength, and his weakness.

"Yes, so as we all know, our monthly profits have increased by 20% after joining hands with the Eye of Michael. With every day, the church is increasing in size and number, and so will our protection fees."

A meek-looking man in a pressed suit is speaking, waving his hands over a piece of paper that accounts for the past month's finances. It's money talk, the only truly significant topic of the day, but not a single person in the room is listening, except for Knives. Everyone is too occupied by what is in their boss's lap.

Or more frankly, *who*.

A slender-limbed boy lies over Knives' spread thighs. He is completely nude, with nothing but Knives' tie over his eyes and a matching collar snug around his

neck. A delicate silver pendant shaped like Knives' signature karambit hangs from his neck. It's obvious why Knives favors him so. Even with his face hidden, the boy is a work of art with long fawn legs and a cinched waist. His soft skin is flushed in the lightest sheen of sweat. An erotic flowery scent wafts from his nape, so sweet that it could be bottled and sold as a perfume.

Despite the humiliating nature of the boy's position, his prosthetic arm speaks of Knives' affections, wholly made of precious jade and gilded in silver. It's fully mechanical, and impressively so with how each of his fingers tremble with life. A simple whore could not afford technology that even expert engineers struggled to produce.

Knives idly pets the boy's back while the boy grips one of Knives' ankles. The boy's hips are canted up in the air, and if the men by Knives' right tried, they would see the heavy drop of the boy's pink cock between his legs. A thin thread of precome strings from him to the lacquered floors, thick and pearly like condensed milk.

Wedged between the boy's ass is Knives' hand, moving lazily and without much purpose. Knives has two of his thick fingers hooked inside the boy's poor hole, and what looks like old come froths at the rim.

"*Ah*-please," the boy begs softly, clutching Knives' leg.

Knives shushes him, patting the boy's asscheek. He does not spare the boy a glance as he fingers him deep, pushing into his third knuckle. The wet sound of the boy's hole opening up to take his master does not go unnoticed by Knives' subordinates, leaving them shifting uncomfortably in their seats.

"Rolan," Knives addresses the man presenting.

"Y-yes, sir?" Rolan pushes up his glasses a little higher. He's redder than Knives' boy, and sweating more than him, too.

"What were you saying about our current sales? I couldn't hear you over my pet's mewls."

Rolan gapes at Knives before he can regain his composure. "Ah, y-yes," he replies, pulling at the collar of his shirt. "This month's profits have increased by 20%, which is a very good thing, and significantly more than last month's," Rolan says, continuing on to explain how their group is prospering.

Unfortunately for Rolan, no one can be bothered. Knives decides then to rub loose circles against the swell of his boy's sweet spot.

"Ah!" The boy squirms, trying to escape the pleasure but Knives doesn't allow it and anchors him by the waist for a proper fingerfucking. The squelch of his wet boy cunt echoes through the room, interrupting Rolan's every other word.

Rolan, ever the businessman, clears his throat and tries speaking louder but the boy is just too wet, pumped full of Knives' thick seed. Upon a particularly hard thrust of Knives' fingers, a glob of cunt juice squirts out from between Knives' knuckles to splatter on the floor.

Knives pauses to sigh, fingering in the come on his hand. "Baby, what did I say about not being too loud?"

"*Ah, ah*–I'm s-sorry," the boy moans, trembling in Knives' hold. Tear tracks run past his blindfold and dots along the calf of Knives' pants. The boy's dewy cheeks are red with humiliation but his hips betray him, pushing back greedily to take in more of Knives' fingers.

"Don't say sorry to me, say sorry to poor Rolan. He's trying his best to give us his presentation."

"Nai-nii…"

The men around the table flush, a few even daring to gasp, not knowing where to look or what to think after being privy to such a confession of Knives' fetish.

Knives doesn't seem at all ashamed. "Baby, where are your manners?" he asks, his voice honeyed and warm. "Are you going to force me to punish you? In front of all these people?"

"No! Please, anything but that," the boy protests, whining into Knives' leg.

"Then be a good boy and tell Rolan you're sorry," Knives coos as if he's reprimanding a child.

Despite being blindfolded, the boy lifts his head to gaze in Rolan's general direction. "I'm-*ah*, sorry, Mr. Rolan," he says, shy but sincere.

"Good boy," Knives praises, rewarding him with another good cunt rub. "Rolan, you heard my boy, yes?"

Rolan does not answer, his mouth slack and nearly drooling. He's been staring at Knives' boy for longer than what is wise.

"Rolan?" Knives says again, and the air around him has turned dangerous, sending everyone but his boy into an animal-like tenseness.

"Ah! Y-yes! Yes, sir, I did! Boss!" Rolan grips his papers and tries to stand a little straighter.

It's a good thing that Rolan is smart enough to know his eyes have wandered for too long, or else he meets the same fate as all the fools before him.

"Good." Knives smiles cooly, thin-lipped without any warmth reaching his eyes. "I'd like to hear from Brad next."

"Yes, boss!" Rolan practically falls back into his chair. With anxiety practically dripping from his stiff shoulders, he wipes his brow and shuffles his reports away.

Brad stands next, trying for unbothered but Knives doesn't miss how Brad shifts in his shoes.

It's Brad's first meeting as a junior recruit. Just a few weeks ago, he'd finally received the privilege to attend. Brad's reputation precedes him as one of the group's best earners and he's honest, something that's rarely rewarded in their world but Knives appreciates it. A boss should know how to keep a poker face, but his sons must tell him the truth for a family to function.

"Hello, everyone, I'm Brad," he says, earning a few chuckles from his seniors. Brad isn't at all phased, he's used to being laughed at and takes it in stride. All that matters is his boss's opinion and he would do well to earn it.

Knives nods in acknowledgment for Brad to continue. Brad smiles, eager to earn his approval.

Normally, Brad wouldn't follow a boss like Knives, and the lewd display before him would send him running. Brad thought of himself as a straight man, one that values romance and true love, and he thought less of those who slept with many whores. But, he couldn't argue that Knives has taken extra care of his boy, and what little Brad knew of Knives' lover only supports that fact.

Eden was most popular amongst bars and brothels alike for their strict rules about member conduct. Unlike Roderick's gang, Eden's members are forbidden from raping or stealing from those under their protection. Knives' right-hand man Legato, who is currently away on a business trip, makes sure violators pay severely, and everyone knew how, for lack of a better word, *creative* Legato could be in his methods.

"Thank you, boss," Brad bows. "The redlight districts haven't had any trouble outside a few stray drunkards. The people know not to mess with us. Madam Elendira–"

"Ah!" The boy's moans, loud and bright, and the slick sound of his hole being played with is unmistakable.

Brad swallows again, respectfully averting his eyes. Knives' lover *is* a beauty, even Brad could see that, but the boy isn't Brad's to appreciate.

"Madam Elendira," Brad continues, "has requested more men to watch the back of her bar after the recent scuffle with Roderick's gang. She said she could pay extra but she also mentioned that she was owed a favor, if you don't mind me saying so, boss," Brad says, as delicately as possible.

"That's fine," Knives replies, waving his free hand in the air. His other hand stays steadily pumping in and out of his boy's hole, drawing out soft aborted cries. "Elendira is a good friend of ours. Give her whatever she asks, she knows well what is within her rights. Perhaps you would like to take charge of that territory?"

Brad doesn't hear him the first time, too busy minding his traitorous body. He has Jessica waiting for him at home, and he wouldn't dream of being with anyone else, but what sort of man would he be if he stayed soft while watching what was essentially live pornography?

"Brad?"

Brad gasps, nodding, and it's a good thing he'd been looking off to the far side of the room. "Yes, sir! I am honored to be of servi–"

"Nai-nii!" The boy's shout rings out as he shudders violently in Knives' lap, and the splatter of his come painting the floors follows. Knives lowers his eyes to finally look at his unruly pet, but Knives does not make it easier as he continues to fingerfuck the boy's spasming hole.

"Ah, ah, ah-!" The boy's climax is pulled out of him by Knives' relentless pursuit, and he writhes and writhes, swinging his squirting cock between his drenched thighs. All the men, even Brad, watch with bated breath as Knives' old come squelches out of the boy's cunt and onto Knives' sleeve. The boy grips Knives' pants leg like he's dying, and his jade hand can't help but snap the threads near the ankle.

Knives doesn't seem to care, or notice, as he brings his boy to a finish, only ceasing to pleasure him once the boy is coming dry in shocked jerks.

"I-I'm s-sorry," the boy slurs, still sounding sweet and pleasure-drunk.

Knives' next sigh of resignation has everyone flinching in their seats.

"It seems that my little pet doesn't know how to behave himself," Knives murmurs, more to his boy than to his subordinates but his voice is the only thing anyone can hear, save for the boy's soft whining. "You're all dismissed," Knives announces, waving his hand. "We'll continue this discussion in a few days' time."

The men all mutter their agreement and quickly rise to gather their things.

"Nai-nii," the boy protests, nuzzling against Knives' thigh.

The men pause minutely to listen, unable to stop their own perverse curiosities.

Knives ignores them, he only has eyes for his boy. He hums, absentmindedly stroking the boy's hip. "Tell them you're sorry, baby," Knives urges him.

The boy bites his lip, shame colors his cheeks and dusts his back in a pretty shade of pink.

"You told Rolan that you were sorry. Don't you think everyone else deserves that much?"

The boy takes a second to think, before nodding slowly.

"Let's hear it then," Knives says, patting the boy's flank. "They're all waiting, baby."

"I'm sorry, sirs," the boy says, fidgeting across Knives' thighs.

Knives finally turns to look at their voyeurs. He tilts his head as if expecting them to acknowledge the apology.

"Th-that's quite alright!" An older member replies, nodding his head. He glances at the rest of the men, cueing them to follow. They chorus their acceptance of the boy's apology, though they look more sorry than he does.

Knives smiles, another forced smile, but he doesn't say much else and pats his boy's ass.

"Thank you, sirs!"

The men all nod before quickly filing out, one by one, until only Knives and his boy remain. The door clicks shut and Knives listens for their departing footsteps.

Knives lets himself take a moment, then, to revel in his lover, running the flat of his palm along the curve of his boy's trembling back. Knives hums in sympathy as he draws out little sighs from his boy's lips with each calm of his hand.

Once Knives is sure their guests have left the vicinity, he tosses his suit jacket onto the table before pushing his boy on top. The boy goes obediently, though he clings to Knives' shoulders, not wanting to let go.

Knives laughs, pleased, and bends down to kiss him, open-mouthed and full of want.

"Nai," the boy moans, reaching up to run his fingers through the cropped buzz of Knives' hair. He wraps his legs around Knives' hips to pull him in until the wet of his cunt meets the tent of Knives' pants.

Knives' responds in kind, bucking into him and grinding deep. "I'm right here," he manages to fit in between their harsh kisses and exchanged breaths.

"Are," the boy starts, trailing down to kiss Knives' jaw, "they all gone?"

"Yes, Vash," Knives replies, slipping his fingers under Vash's blindfold to pull it off. "We sent them all away, did we not?" He thumbs away Vash's tears from his drying cheeks.

"You didn't have to be so mean," Vash pouts. He squints under the bright lights of the room but he leans into Knives' palm, letting his brother take care of him.

"You like it," Knives points out, rubbing his clothed cock against Vash's bare one.

Vash flushes, ducking his head into the dip of Knives' throat. "They're going to find out…" he trails off.

"I wasn't the one that asked for this."

"You still got hard though." And to prove his point, Vash rubs himself against him.

Knives sighs, frotting back until the front of his pants is stained in both of their slick. "I think I might have to kill them, Vash," he says, reaching down to unbuckle his belt.

"Nai!"

Knives huffs a laugh, tossing his belt behind him. He reaches down to free his straining cock. "I don't understand what you get out of this."

"I want to show everyone I'm yours," Vash replies, kissing the jut of Knives' Adam's apple.

It's Knives' turn to shiver, and he buries his face in Vash's chest to suckle at his chest. "You are mine," he agrees. "Vash, I need to be in you."

Vash giggles, petting the side of his brother's head. "What are you waiting for?"

Knives doesn't need another word as he begins to push into Vash's waiting hole. Vash's rim is stretched enough to easily take him, spreading wide to pop over the head of Knives' cock. They moan in unison, and Knives holds his hips still to just *feel* the heat of his brother.

"You should always feel like this, stretched and full of my come," Knives pants, fucking in shallowly just to hear the sound of himself spilling from Vash's cunt.

Vash moans, gripping Knives' shoulders. Despite how thoroughly Knives had taken him apart, Vash is still hard and leaking anew against his stomach.

Knives pushes in almost all the way until Vash is speared and split open, with the slightest bump in his lower stomach.

"Look at that, baby brother," Knives murmurs, rubbing his hand over the protrusion. It's the strangest feeling but Knives only gets harder with the knowledge that he fills Vash's greedy cunt to the brim, enough to keep Vash satisfied yet asking for more.

"*Aaah!* Nai! D-don't, *ooh*," Vash gasps, clawing at Knives' back. "You're so deep!"

"Are you going to ruin my shirt now?" Knives asks, smiling against Vash's cheek. It's almost like he wants Vash to.

"I-I didn't mean to tear your pants."

"Mm, is that so?" Knives hums in pretend agreement. He doesn't give Vash the chance to reply, and thrusts in to the hilt, shocking a moan out of Vash. Vash reaches down to wrap a hand around his cock but Knives swats his wrist away. "Don't touch."

"I'm going to come," Vash protests, but he's still lucid enough for obedience, and withdraws his hand.

"Good boy." Knives kisses Vash's damp temple. He drags his cock out slowly, until only the head remains, before snapping his hips.

"*Nai!*" Vash throws his head back, his grip on Knives turning white-knuckled as he tries to stave off his climax. His cock twitches, spilling precome over them both.

Knives laughs, breathing harshly with desire. "You get so wet when I fuck you like you need," he says, adoration flowing from his voice. He runs his hand through Vash's mess to have a sample for himself. Knives presses into Vash as he licks his palm, moaning at Vash's taste.

Vash sobs in frustration, but his cock only leaks more.

"You're desperate for it, aren't you, baby brother?" Knives coos, bending down to swallow Vash's cries. "Your tight little cunt is begging for my cock like a good boy."

"Nai," Vash reaches to pull Knives closer. He can taste himself on Knives' lips, and he burns hotter, knowing just how much his brother wants him.

"N-Nai, please."

"Shh, be good, Vash," Knives replies, but he looks just as affected, with the veins of his arms straining against his skin.

"I am good, I've been good!"

Knives groans, gritting his teeth when Vash flexes around his cock. Knives' clear eyes are blown black with affection, he wants for Vash, his darling brother.

"You are, Vash, you are," Knives reassures him, pushing back Vash's sweaty bangs. "You're good and pretty for me, baby."

"Yes, yes, yes," Vash agrees thoughtlessly, already rendered breathless.

Eager to reward him, Knives angles his hips, just the way he knows Vash likes, until the bend of his cock drags along that place that makes Vash scream.

"*Nai!* Nai, Nai, Nai!" Vash trembles like a live wire,

"Do you want to come? Does my baby brother want to come?"

Vash nods with fervor until Knives wraps a hand around Vash's neglected cock.

"Nai! *Ah, ah, ah!*"

"Be good, come for me Vash."

Vash obeys with a silent shout, fingers digging into Knives' back. His spine arches as he shakes with unrestrained pleasure, clenching like a vice around Knives' pulsing cock.

Knives follows with a moan, coming molten hot into Vash's spasming cunt. He drives his come deeper until Vash is leaking like he's been bred. Frenzied words spill from Knives' lips as he does, dizzy with passion.

"You're mine, your pleasure is mine, your affection is mine, your beauty is mine, I won't let anyone have you, I'll keep you even into the next life and after, I'll fill

you with my seed until all you can think of is me," Knives pants, watching with wide eyes as Vash comes undone.

Knives goes until he can't, until Vash lies incoherent under him, until both of their bodies can't keep up. He pulls out slowly, taking care to keep his come in Vash's hole with a thumb. Vash's rim twitches weakly against Knives' touch, and Knives can't help but admire how sweet his brother is with his come swollen belly.

He gently lifts Vash to relocate them to a cushy seat off to the side. Vash makes a noise in protest but he goes easy, nuzzling up into Knives' chest.

"I have you," Knives murmurs, kissing Vash's crown.

They are slow about catching their breaths, taking turns nosing each others' skin to press gentle kisses wherever they please. Knives wipes Vash down as they embrace, mindful of Vash's loose limbs and sensitivities.

Once Vash can speak again, he smiles gently and cups Knives' cheek. "You get so mushy when you're about to come," he says softly, with a teasing lilt to his voice.

Knives only blushes from Vash's warmth rather than from shame. He puts his hand over Vash's and turns to press a kiss to Vash's palm. "I'm always open with my love for you."

"Yeah, you are," Vash smiles wider, toothy and full of life. "I love you, too, Nai."

Knives bends down for another kiss, and should anyone have seen his expression, they would know he belongs to his boy just as his boy belongs to him.

After all, they *are* brothers.


RUBY
MOON

Secrets

MagpieCrime

Content Warning:

amab genitalia terms | cheating | dubcon to consensual explicit sexual content | vaginal sex

Nai tugged on his tie once he sat down in the back of the Mercedes. He raised the partition after telling the driver where to go, and lounged back in the plush leather seats. Too long—

It had been too long since he took a moment to relax. Trash had to be dealt with in one way or another and he was a busy man. Most of his desires and needs were met, save for one. One that could only be taken care of with a trip to the florist.

Eden: where Flowers are Paradise. The name still made him chuckle after all this time, and he debated if he was going to have the nerve to go inside the building instead of just standing outside before instructing his driver to head in another direction. Nai couldn't linger in one spot for too long. Not when he was a yakuza and the flower shop went outside of the bounds of his territory. He could send his driver away to come back for him at a later time, but idling for too long in a parking lot never ended in a way that was befitting of a Yakuza leader. Leaving yourself in the open, unprotected, had too many disadvantages.

The bell chimed as Nai walked in through the door, having straightened his tie and pulled his jacket back on from where he pulled it off during his ride. He expected to see Vash quickly, his bright and shining face pop up from under a counter or behind a doorway. Instead he waited several minutes before the blonde made his way into the main foyer while Nai browsed the different array of rose colors available.

"Nai?" Vash asked, setting the box of flowers down on the counter. "What are you doing here?" No warm welcome. No 'how are you.' Nothing to indicate that the two of them spent most of their childhood together, inseparable. The two were barely more than strangers now, with Vash walking away from Nai as he pursued his life of power and crime.

"I came to see you." Nai's answer came out simply, barely a lilt in his voice as his fingers brushed over the blood red rose in front of him. "I also needed a bouquet. For my lover. She would be upset if I didn't come home with something for her."

Vash swallowed audibly, slowly taking a step forward towards his estranged twin brother. "I haven't seen you in close to fifteen years."

"Yet you still look like you haven't aged a day," Nai countered, picking up one

of the roses and offering it to Vash. "But enough about that. I came to you because I knew your store would have the best of the best. Or am I wrong?"

Vash's eyes glanced over to the many awards that adorned the entryway of the florist shop, ranging from customer service to quality. "You aren't wrong. Though, I was in the process of closing up for the night."

"I can wait. You wouldn't send away business when it's your big brother, would you?" Nai leaned in, holding the rose between them as he breathed in the smell of Vash and the beautiful flower.

"I don't do this sort of thing usually. Nor do my customers expect it." Nai could tell that Vash wanted to stay firm with him, but his fingers ghosting over the back of Vash's shoulder, bringing his little brother in for a half hug sapped out the last of the fight Vash had left in him. He could make him do what he wanted now. "But I will. What sorts of flowers does she like?"

"I tend to bring her roses since she knows that she's just as beautiful as one." Nai picked up one of the white roses, pure as snow in winter, and ran his fingers over the soft petals. He handed the red and white over to Vash and licked his lips. "Granted, you're the artist when it comes to flowers, no? So that should be enough to make a bouquet that will make her fall in love with me again."

"Right." Vash picked up several more red and white roses, picking up different flowers to grow the bouquet, and have it fit the vision that Nai had in mind. "When did the two of you get together?" Idle chit chat didn't suit either of them, but Nai relented, noting Vash's unease as he stared at him.

"About ten years now. She's a wonderful woman. I'm lucky to have her." Nai opened up his phone, pulling up a picture of the petite woman he had his arm wound around, raising herself onto her tiptoes to kiss the side of his cheek. "You could say that I have a type."

Freckle just under her left eye. Platinum blonde hair. Slight frame. Slim hips.

"You could say that," Vash agreed as he turned away. Nai breathed in deep, coming up behind Vash and settling his hands on his younger brother's hips as he leaned in and took in Vash's scent. "What are you doing?"

"Taking you in. It's been too long." Nai leaned in and breathed in the nape of Vash's neck, bringing his hips flush against Vash's ass.

"Not here," Vash started, pushing Nai back and retreating to his back room to grab ribbons. Nai followed behind him, with the spread of flowers laid out on the table in front of him. The back room resembled a greenhouse more than anything and Nai pulled off his jacket, slinging it over his shoulder as he came up behind Vash again.

"So back here suits you better?" Nai asked, nodding over to the flowers he picked out for his lover.

"Wouldn't she be mad if she found out that you did this?" Vash asked, taking a step back to keep distance between him and Nai.

"She might be, but she would understand. She knows I love her regardless. Just the same as I never stopped loving you." Nai pressed himself against Vash's chest, bending him back against the table that kept him trapped. "Fifteen years isn't long enough to make me forget how you make me feel, Vash." Nai leaned in, brushing his lips against Vash's pulse, his tongue darting out and feeling his heart quicken at the touch. "Feels like you haven't forgotten about me either."

"We promised we would stop this," Vash all but begged, his breath heavy in his mouth as Nai grabbed him by the jaw to face him when he tried to look away.

"You promised. You're the one who walked away from me. I wanted to give you everything." Nai's lips crashed against his, messy, coppery as his teeth split his lip with the intensity of the kiss. "I don't remember promising that I would stop loving you like you were meant to be loved."

Vash gasped for breath, pushing Nai away and scrambling to escape. Vash managed to turn in his grasp, now leaving him vulnerable as he faced away from his brother with the table still between them. Nai pushed between his shoulder blades, and Vash pushed back against the table, wanting to keep the inevitable from happening.

"Nai, please." The whine caught in the back of his throat as fingers swiped up and down his slit, making him cant his hips up against his will. "We promised—"

"*You* promised," Nai started, pressing the blunted head against Vash's folds as he pressed his weight into him, opening Vash up on his cock without any preparation. Nai winced as his hips went flush with the back of Vash's thighs, and he bit his lip, pulling back as his little brother's cunt fluttered against his cock. Even with the time since they last fucked, Vash still felt perfect even if he wasn't fully warmed up. "You feel just like I remember."

Vash gave up quickly, letting go of the reach he set out for the other end of the table to pull himself free of his older brother's grasp. The second thrust hurt less, upping the pleasure he felt as Nai's cock slowly filled him up again.

"See, not so bad when I let you get used to it, huh?" Nai draped himself over Vash's back, gently rocking his hips into Vash's as he nosed over the back of his neck, kissing the hairs that stood up on end and receded just as quickly. Vash ground his teeth together, hating that even after fifteen years, Nai still knew how to touch him, brushing his fingers up against his nipples. Normally he would bat Nai's hands away from his chest following surgery, but now, nerves returned and with it sensation. "You're just as sensitive as you were before your surgery," Nai cooed out, rolling one of Vash's nipples between his fingers.

Focusing his attention on the nipple sticking out, Nai reached over to coax the other one out as well, stretching it until both of them reddened under his touch.

“Stop please,” Vash begged, both of them too sensitive to handle for much longer. Nai drew himself up, grinning down at the heart shaped ass in front of him and gripping Vash’s hips, pulled away before sinking his cock back into the warmth.

“Fine, fine. You can have it your way. I know you want my cock more than anything else.”

Vash didn’t bother to shake his head or cry out for Nai to stop any longer, simply losing himself in the sensations that made his knees weak. He shouldn’t be as thankful as he was for the table holding him up, but it would keep Nai from being able to draw any further pleasure out of him, and make him enjoy the onslaught brought on by the cock churning in and out of his sloppy hole.

“You sound absolutely ruined, Vash,” Nai remarked, punctuating the comment with his hand slapping the side of Vash’s thigh. “I didn’t expect you to get this wet over me fucking you again.”

Vash whined in response. “Just shut up and finish. On my ass.” Vash whimpered as Nai changed his angle, enough to make his body light up with pleasure all the more as he oversensitized him. They already went too far so many years ago, so what was one more?

“You say that like I plan on being done with you so quickly, little brother,” Nai said with a smirk as he pulled out. Fear settled in Vash’s gut for a moment, only to be hurled along with him until he felt the cool surface of the table on his lower back and Nai stood between his legs. Nai pressed his fingers into the glistening folds, a mixture of both of their arousal and Vash looked away, hiding his face behind his sleeve. Nai reached for the stool behind him, taking a seat between Vash’s parted thighs.

Nai licked his lips, leaning in close enough to smell how turned on Vash was despite his best efforts. “You know, you’re just as turned on as you were when we first discovered how fun it was to explore each other when we were young.” Nai’s tongue grazed over his cock, peeking out from between his folds at the apex, and Vash found himself unable to stop from crying out in pleasure at his cock being licked just so. “You even make the same sounds.”

Vash prepped himself up on his elbows, swallowing hard as his older brother buried his face between his thighs, alternating between fingering his cum soaked hole, his cum, not Nai’s, and lapping it up, while switching between sucking and licking his cock. Vash wanted to smother Nai with his thighs just to make him stop, but Nai’s hold on him kept him front doing so, unable to commit to stopping him as he grew closer to his own orgasm.

“You know I’m always a gentleman when it comes to you, little brother,” Nai whispered against his thigh, kissing it before descending back to suck on his cock, flicking his tongue over the tip and slipping three fingers into him to keep him held open. Vash couldn’t take it any longer, thighs tensing as he tried to keep himself from making more of a mess than he already had. He failed, thighs trembling as some of his juices spilled over into Nai’s mouth, while others covered his face and Nai drank them down.

“Been a while since you squirted on me too.” Nai wiped the back of his hand over his mouth, grinning up at Vash, who simply looked away and tried to hide the blush that refused to go away. “I always liked making you feel so much pleasure you couldn’t hold back how hard you came for me.”

“Finish it so you can get back to your lover.” Vash hated how much he spat out those words, hated how his body missed being touched like this after all these years, hated how much Nai knew how to play him just like he wanted. “I don’t want her to come looking for you here.”

Nai held up a finger to Vash’s lips, mostly to hush him, but also to make him taste some of his essence on his fingers. “She won’t. No need to worry about that.” Vash’s breath hitched as Nai moved in close, brushing his lips up against Vash’s while his cock nudged his little brother’s folds apart. “Now open yourself back up for me.”

Vash turned away from the kiss that Nai promised to leave on his lips if he didn’t move them away that very moment, and reached down, spreading himself open as the blunted head of Nai's cock rubbed up and down against his slit. “You were made for me; don’t forget that.” Nai pressed into him, and Vash bit his lower lip, bringing his hand up from his hole to wrap around the back of Nai’s neck to brace himself. “You miss me holding you that much?” Nai asked, bottoming out in Vash as he cried out low in his throat.

Vash simply responded with a kiss to shut Nai up, clenching his hole around the shaft taking him apart bit by bit, wishing for it to end all that much sooner. Years without sex could do damage to a man, but no one compared to Nai, Vash found after a few boyfriends and no one able to bring him to these heights that he sought.

Vash hiked his ankles up, circling Nai’s waist to pull him in, to keep him in deep as the more primal side of him took over. He hadn’t given himself to anyone in years, only seeking out toys and his own hand in order to pleasure himself. Now, filled with a throbbing hot cock that knew how to touch him, Vash clenched around him, cumming a second time without enough buildup to realize it was happening so quickly.

“Shhhh, you can cum again if you want, little brother.” Nai’s lips sealed around his earlobe, trailing down to the side of his neck and he suckled Vash’s skin between his teeth, making him tense for only a moment until he dug his nails into Nai’s hair and tugged him as close as he could manage.

“Fuck me,” Vash whispered in his ear, clenching around Nai’s cock, rocking his hips closer to the edge of the table. “It’s been too long.”

“Then don’t run away next time, little brother. Seems you need me just as much as I need you too.” Nai’s hips canted forward, and he groaned as Vash felt his cock throb inside him, spilling into him. Alarm would have been more appropriate than the possessive purr that rumbled through Vash’s throat, locking his legs around Nai’s waist to keep him from squirming away, though Vash knew he never would.

Vash shook his head, pulling away from Nai's lips and holding onto him close, rocking against Nai as he filled him up. They could worry about the consequences later. Vash laced his fingers through the cropped short hair at the base of Nai's neck, whimpering softly as he finally let him go and Nai's softened cock slipped out of him.

"You could have called if you missed my dick this much." Vash could tell Nai played off his own feelings with how his eyes lingered on Vash's wrecked body, trailing down between his parted thighs as Nai's cum dripped out of his hole and onto the floor.

"Wouldn't your lover have gotten jealous?" Vash asked with hardly masked jealousy if you knew what you were looking for.

"Why would she? You're my little brother. Family is all we have in this world." Nai leaned down, tilting Vash's head up to match his own and covered Vash's lips with his. "She knows I care about you and I've been worried sick trying to find you for years."

"But would she care about this?" Vash motioned to his kiss-bitten lips, the hickey on his neck, the cum leaking out of him, Nai's equally ruined clothes.

"What she doesn't know won't hurt her."


SKRRCH
CRUNCH
THESPICYONIGIRI
VASH
!
MY LITTLE FLOWER.
I'M HERE FOR YOUR BUSINESS ...
LONG TIME NO SEE
NAI?


I'M SHOPPING FOR A LOVER.
A BOUQUET WOULD BE NICE.
I KNEW WHAT YOU REALLY WANTED THE MOMENT YOU SPOKE.
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE FOR YOU TO TRULY LOVE ANYONE ELSE BUT ME...NAI.
THESPICYONIGIRI
UHN
NAI!
SMACK
SMACK
NAI!
VASH..
SCHLOP
HAH
NGH!
NAI!!
SMACK
FUCK!
VASH!
SCHLOP
AH
SMACK
AH!!
NAI!
not there...
SO GOOD—
SO GOOD!!
HAH
NGH
GH
HUFF
HAH
OH
GH
NUH
AH!
HUFF
FEELS—
UHN!!
NAI
UHN
NAI NAI
NAI OH NAI HAH
I'M—
HAH
NAI—PLEASE!!
AHHH!!
NAI!!
NAI CLOSE— NAI NAI—
FUCK—
FUCK—
HARDER!!
VA-ASH—!!
AHN!


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It's All We've Got Left (It's All We've Got)

NoctisXit

"Did you hear that?" There's a pause, around them the rustle of leaves signal the symphony of approaching night. The sun barely remains hanging above them, sinking below the cusp of trees, bathing the world red.

It's a peaceful afternoon, undisturbed, in that small corner in the world they occupy. Nothing seems truly out of place to him. "What?" Alex asks in the end, when even after straining himself, he didn't manage to listen to anything out of place. There is a pause, and he turns to look at his companion, black hair flowing in the wind, posture stiff, she is beautiful and the frown on her lips make him feel uneasy just by being there, the constant silence doesn't help to alleviate his concern. "Rem?"

He calls for her, doubtful, making her flinch, like she forgot for a second he was there as well.

"It—" She starts, "It was like… a crying baby?" Rem turns his way, an apology in the way she smiles, sheepish. She returns her gaze to the forest taking shape in front of them soon after, posture tense, as if she could discern something between the darkness cast by pines and greenery. She looks so serious, the way she does when something has genuinely gotten under her skin.

That simple fact gets him to stand on alert, too, with how calm and collected Rem usually is, something must have truly caught her offward. Even so, with every second that goes by where he is not able to detect a single thing, much less a baby's cry, Alex feels his conviction wavering. Doubting. The compulsion of running out and away from that clearing, towards the safety of their small village, growing little by little. He doesn't though. Standing still, waiting, sensing doom before it comes to take them.

Rem continues to grow restless, desperate, caught up in a spell of her own. Blind desire. And before Alex can react, she takes off, towards the depths hidden in shadow and the eery drawl of a wretched siren's call he isn't privy to. Rem runs faster than Alex has ever seen, and he follows because he is nothing if not a lovesick fool.

His heart beats staccato on his chest, deafening with the cacophony of his desperate steps, his ragged breath and broken calls. Rem never stops, not even as she stumbles and falls to the ground. Not even as they reach a depleted building at the edge of territory unknown, smelling of rot and decay. Alex staggers back,

dizzy among the sight of tragedy, and he shakes as he continues this wild, awful chase. Inside the gaping mouth of the temple. Desecrated. Witness to massacre and corruption. House of fiends. Vampires.

He gets lost among the corridors, haunted by visions of sharp talons, fangs covered in copper and carrion. Shouting Rem's name until his throat goes raw, feeling like crying and falling to the ground.

He finds her in the end, in the middle of a chapel, kneeling in front of a crumbling altar, like a virgin saint in white, decorated with the jewels of spilled blood, charred corpses strewn over marble floors. Rem is sobbing quietly, murmuring comforting words. As he approaches, Alex notices that the sobs don't belong to Rem exactly, not really, although tears do slip from her cheeks like crystals glimmering in the dying sun.

In her arms, she carries two bundles, covered in red. With hair of fine citrine thread, one pale and silent, eyes wide open to reveal icy blue, the other red and whimpering. Like a cry for help. They are holding hands, tiny, chubby fingers clasped tight, unbothered, like the closeness is just nature.

Alex looks at them and feels the foreboding of staring into something sacrilegious. But when Rem looks at him, it seems like she is experiencing something holy.

It doesn't matter what they feel, though, they won't get to witness the end of it all.

The night is cold, the first notes of winter slipping through the final dregs of autumn, leaves tainted hues of orange and gold, swayed by the whims of intense breeze to dance prettily under dull sunlight or pale moonlight. Lovely and meek like every other year beforehand, the bridge of passage for new foliage. Vibrant greens and blues.

It's a peaceful life, the one they have in that lazy town, Vash will always have to admit to that with ease, sounding appreciative of all the quiet mornings and lazy afternoons, knowing for a fact his unwavering enthusiasm fills his guardian with an unspeakable type of contentment, despite any complaints he might make, denouncing boredom or annoyance or disbelief. Roberto could try to act uninterested and wary every day of their lives, but Vash knows how much he cares. Knows how hard he has worked to give him a comfortable future.

One where he could always be safe, away from the shadows of a past that haunts him, no matter how little of it he remembers, as he knows the tragedy that stripped everything from them had been a vision of terror. Of fire and blood, intense enough to stain and fray Vash's own memories of his past before it took

place, leaving him with only glimpses and visions. Remnants of diamond and ivory, sapphire and red geraniums. A mirror image of himself.

A wail pleading for his protection. Another one begging him to stay.

Despite all the missing details and half-baked recollections, Vash knows for a fact that, whatever took place on his tenth birthday, was the main reason to have pushed them to the suburbs of November, away from rural areas and vulnerable towns, to the expensive costs of civilizations and the safety they provided from the unknown. Pushing his guardian to work hard, risking himself to the need of investigating shady tips of information pointing to tragedy and ruin, of bloodshed and despair, that always turned into attractive news. The last bastion of comfort or trigger of pandemonium needed by the average citizen in face of the predators living in the shadows.

Vash promised Roberto that he would respect his career, no matter how anxious it made him feel at times, but it still left him fearful. Jumpy in a sense of foreboding he could never quite explain.

Vash knows he has the terrible habit of worrying, sometimes without any valid reasons, and even when his guardian never holds it against him, understands better than anyone that past horrors have scarred Vash for a life-time… Vash doesn't want to be held back by events he doesn't even remember.

That night, the one that took everything from him, seems so distant now. Nothing but a nightmare, like the ones that plague him each night. A wisp of shaky awareness, muddled recollections and half-meanings. Nonsensical and unexplained.

Roberto never gave him too many details about it, refusing to elaborate aside from general details that don't provide Vash with any clarity. Vash knows he had a mother that he loved dearly, and a brother, twin, to whom he was attached by the hip. Always side by side, hand in hand, maybe from the moment they were born.

But they are like broken shards of glass, smoke dissipating in the wind. Vash wavers in his next step, a shaky breath caught in his throat as he blinks away the beginning of tears. Raising his head, he tries to focus on the tender light cast by the moon, the specks of starlight he can see, counting them one by one, starting to humm to himself, a familiar melody, willing away the monster of his own sadness by the presence of his melancholy and longing.

Vash doesn't know where he heard that song, the soft drawl that paints the hues of home at the edges of his mangled soul, but he sings it anyway. Beacons the comfort it provides him whenever he needs to soothe himself, knowing it will always help.

The sound of his voice mixes with his steps against the asphalt, the noise of vehicles driving in the distance, the normalcy of a common night as he makes it home. It's already late, a bit too close to the curfew Roberto recommended for him, but Vash doesn't feel too guilty about it, considering he will be by himself for a couple of days still, and even if he never admits to it outloud, he is still not good at being lonely for long periods of time.

It leaves him restless, sad. Fearful of the dark and what lies within, so he always jumps at any opportunity of staying out and with others for just a few extra minutes. Just enough to prepare himself for the hours needed before he could head off to his classes or job.

Vash sighs, taking the last step to the entrance of their house, trying to will himself to actually make his way inside. Suddenly hesitant, perhaps more than he should be. A light tug at his awareness, like the blaring of an alarm clock, the murmur of a warning trying to keep him away from a danger unseen. It's annoying, disconcerting, and Vash frowns because of it. It isn't precisely the first time he has felt it, but it usually presents itself when Vash is in a tricky situation to begin with, and at that moment, there is nothing that could be remotely translated to that.

Perhaps he is just hungry, Vash hadn't eaten much since early in the afternoon and he had been craving some meat for almost the entire day. Maybe he just needs to put one of the steaks over a hot pan, until it's cooked just the right amount, leaving it red and juicy on the inside, the way he likes it. No matter how much it irks Meryl and Wolfwood, or the weird looks Roberto gives him, whenever they see some blood still pouring out while Vash eats his meat. He just likes it that way, and it isn't a crime! People are just not used to it, and Vash totally respects that!

Although, nothing beats the unique taste of a steak done rare, the way it feels while sinking your teeth into the beef, tearing chunks out of it, swallowing the tang of copper…

Vash finds himself smiling while thinking about it, excited at the notion of fulfilling his craving, closing a great dinner with a donut, the most perfect dessert to have ever existed, before collapsing onto his bed. So he goes to jam his key onto the lock of the door, only to find he doesn't need to remove any bolts, the knob turning with ease.

Emerald eyes go wide for a second, sure about the fact of leaving everything perfectly closed before heading out for the day, trying to determine why that was not the case any longer. Could an intruder have broken in? With no signs of damage to the lock itself or any broken windows, it seemed unlikely, in the same way Roberto being back early was not a possibility, since Vash would have been the first to know.

But maybe someone dropped by, a few close friends knew where Roberto and Vash kept their emergency key, so perhaps they had needed to borrow something to cook and forgot to let him know. It wouldn't be the first time that had happened, but it certainly was the first time they forgot to close everything after leaving their home.

The young man shakes his head, deciding to comment on the weird occurrence with the feasible culprits, so it doesn't happen again. Making his way into the house and locking the door, at the present, Vash will just have dinner and get some rest.

But his intentions appear to matter little in the great scheme of things, or that is what he is left to believe, the moment he manages to put the last latch onto the door, jingling keys rendered silent against the wood of a table. Drowned by shadows and quiet, but not really.

It is faint, the noise invading the house, chiming bells and holy choir. The press of tiles. It is easy for Vash to identify music crafted by a piano, as much as it disconcerts him to hear it at the time, with no one that should be playing at the time in the house, but also because of the way the melody harmonizes with his heartstrings, lulls him in, compels him closer. Like a request for completion, a call of melancholy for the other half of a whole. The finishing notes of a duet.

Wild and erratic, beautiful and tender, taints of sorrow and yearning. Guiding the rhythm of Vash's steps, his tremulant heart, as he rushes forward, down the corridor and up the stairs, taking two at a time, stumbling with the carpet set in front of Roberto's room. It's like tunnel vision, the way he is moving, like nothing else in the world matters aside from the studio placed at the end of the hall. Door wide open, glistening with rays of silver, vines of light and dark, ensnaring Vash as he barges in.

Panting and heaving, erratic and wide-eyed, it feels unreal, being there, at that moment. The inconspicuous silhouette of a room he knows by heart, with its desk and armchair, and the piano resting innocently at the corner, in front the open window, with fluttering curtains at the mercy of the wind, at tune with a swaying figure of shadows and flesh and blood.

An apparition, ghost, jewel of past memories. Ash and brimstone conjured in drags of chalk and aqua blue. The sensation of legs tangled up under blankets, childhood laughter and teasing calls. Lazy afternoons spent beneath the shade of a tree, fingers clasped tight, unbothered. Like the closeness was just nature, an unavoidable commodity, a source of joy. His name pronounced in mantra and prayer—

'*Vash.*' A whisper of fondness

'*Vash.*' Enamored exasperation.

'*Vash!*' Outraged cry.

"Vash." A sigh of contentment, relief, victory. Angel's song, hellish damnation.

Vash flinches, without meaning to, barely realizing, stuck in place as he trembles, ears ringing as silence settles in the room, the last note played by deft fingers hanging heavy in the room, around him, like shackles dragging him down, pulling broken shards of memories out of his mind. Stitching together bits and pieces, cauterizing the gaping hole left in his chest, in his heart. Burning like inferno. Like the fire that took down the village that saw him —*them*— grow.

A tiny hand clinging to his, returning his smiles, wiping his tears, standing by his side, always ready to meet Vash's gaze. Serious and cunning and precious and ~~Vash's.~~ Brother.

Nai.

Before everything burned to the ground.

Before Vash saw his brother as a monster.

Perhaps even sooner than that, that day where Nai answered the call of something in the forest and came back changed. Detached. Contemplative. Thirsty for blood.

Of course, Vash had no way of knowing back then, just like he had no way of knowing now. The way his past would haunt him, even after all those years, when he couldn't even handle the knowledge forced upon him, the weight of a destiny he never wanted to fulfill. The headiness of a love bestowed with no question, no regard.

No consideration or shame, only ruin. Bastion of humanity stained red, like lips of scarlet, kisses of iron and teeth.

Vash stumbles back, doesn't get far before he is being caught by two cold *cold* hands, emerald eyes unfocused, wet with tears. He can't breathe. Drunk in the smell of copper and flowers as he tries to take air to his struggling lungs.

"I've found you, my Vash." It —he— says, voice shaky, unsteady and disbelieving, and so joyous, it leaves Vash nauseous. Disoriented. And he wants to hide, to stay forever at his brother's side. It's a dream, surely, that very moment, his hesitation and reverie. Nai's hands on him, catching the salt of his tears, looking so mature with the passage of time. So different and still so similar to Vash.

Like he had never been lost in his memories.

Hiccuping, he lets out a strangled sound, like a wounded animal. "N—No…!"

"Hush, beloved." The creature says, expression tender, eyes of aqua blue glimmering with unspilled tears, brimming in unrestrained madness. *Nai* kisses his forehead, and it burns. Like coals being dragged along his skin. Leaving him raw and open.

Gasping, aching, Vash feels like his skull is breaking in half, the pressure of experiences long forgotten, sensations better left to rot, clinging to him, creeping around the edges of his consciousness, vices and thorns, unyielding, like the touch of Nai's hands on him.

Hysteric, Vash barely makes sense of words of comfort. The grip doesn't lessen, the monster does not budge, no matter how much Vash struggles and fights. Despite his cries and sobs. Like the idea of letting go is sacrilegious somehow, unthinkable. Vash doesn't like the way it feels comforting, how, in a way, the touch of his ~~*brother*~~ is the only thing stopping him from ending in shambles.

And isn't it sick? That he finds security in the touch of a killer? A murderer with no qualms nor regrets. Predator confident on his own skin, his place in the world, above humans and everything mortal. Idealist of godhood in Vash's company.

For a second, Vash wonders how bad it would truly be, to crumble like salt, to be dispersed by the wind.

He doesn't know what prompts Nai then, if he somehow is privy to Vash's thoughts, his ideas and despair, but the way he looks at him in that split second. As if he can barely distinguish what he has become, as if Vash was an oddity, the entity of fear instead of him… It is disconcerting. Terrifying in the manner it makes Nai look calmer, calculating. Guiding by instinct and backed into a corner.

"You—" He starts, choking with his own words, taking a deep breath and closing his eyes, raising his head, like he is asking the heavens for guidance and deliverance. Resolution for a trial of fire to come next. "Of course, you are still sick."

Vash is not, he is sound of mind, has been for every second of his life. Humane as it has been. Never wanting for it to be anything else.

Nai has never understood, though, will never understand, and if he has to push Vash onto the role that was always meant to be his, as the other savior of their kind, then he will. Nai will make the hard choice for him, pry open the cocoon where Vash has hidden himself, and let him be born into the world christened by blood and fire.

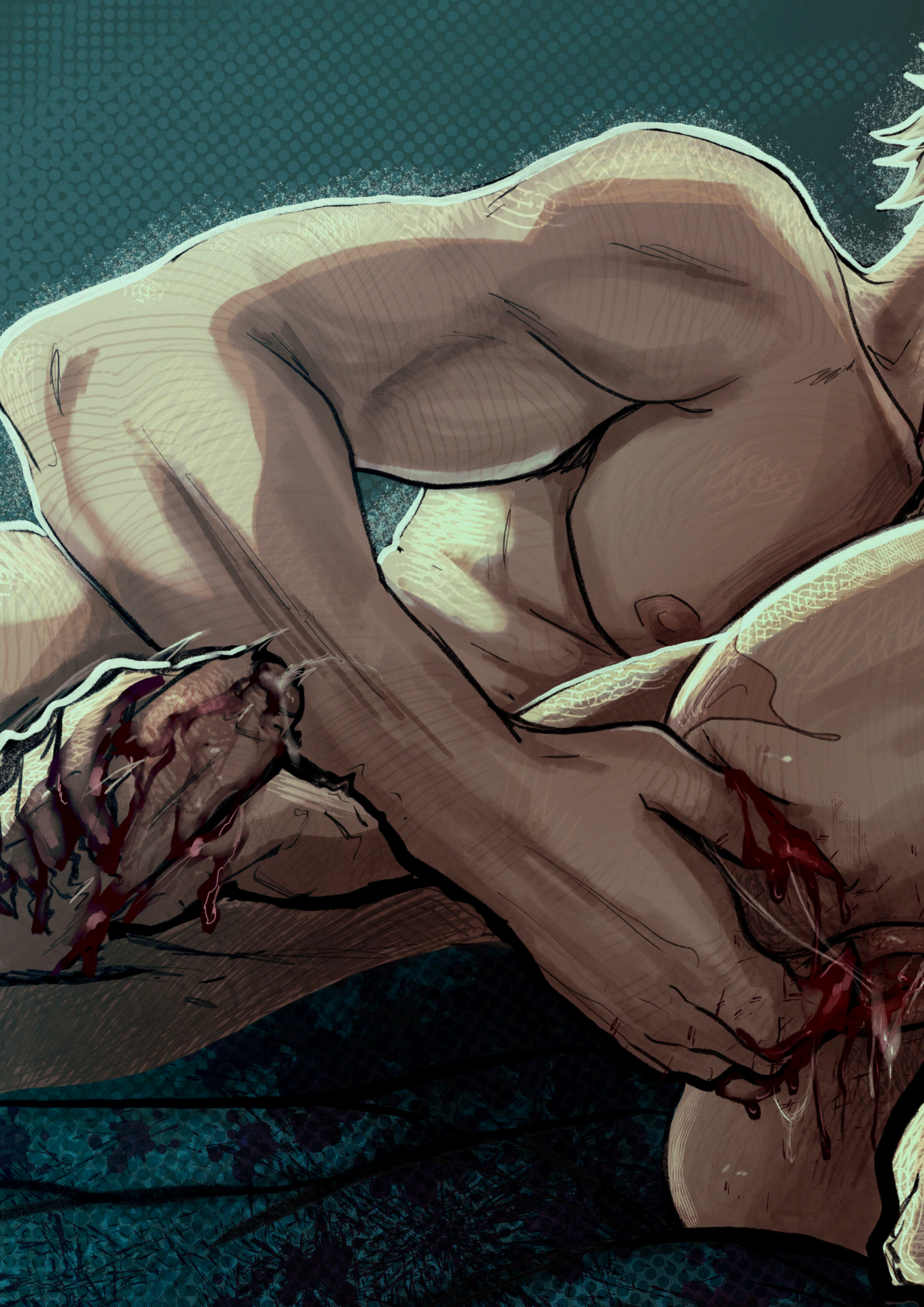
Nai doesn't mean to be forceful, but he can't hesitate now, in the way he pushes his brother to the ground, cushioning the back of his head so it doesn't hurt as much, hearing clothe snap and tear as makes ribbons of Vash's coat, exposing the curve of his throat, hearing him complain and whine. Plead and beg. But Nai makes himself deaf to the sound, ears full of the thrum of Vash's disparaged heart, the rushing of his veins. Tempting, like a siren's call. Making his fangs ache, his throat itch, like he is starved.

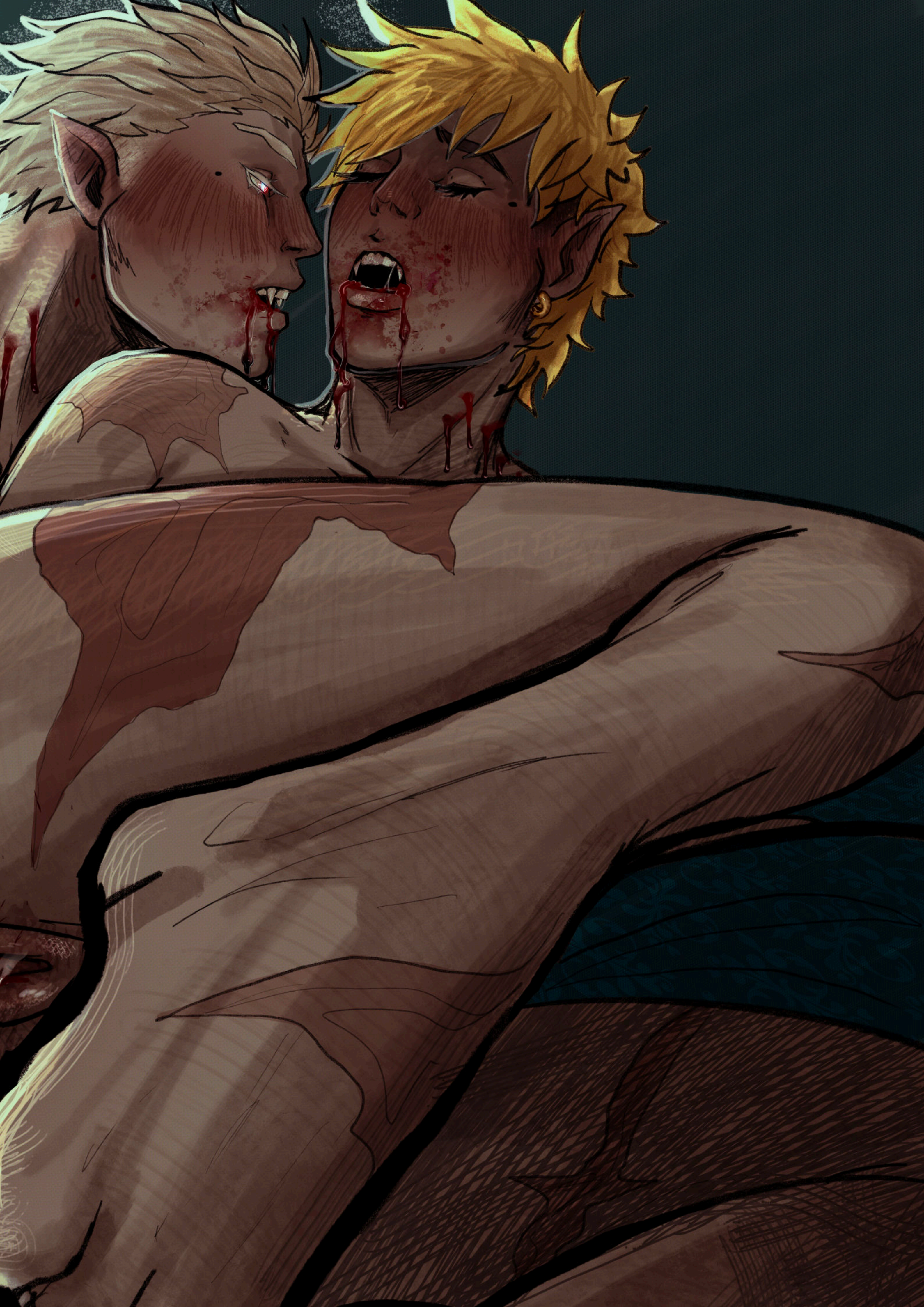
It matters not if he meant to graze his darling with angel's touch, for Nai is nothing but a beast, caught at the mercies of Vash naivety, his selfless torture. Swayed by the ebb and flow of his precious blood. Biting down, almost hard enough to snap bone, the satisfaction is almost instantaneous, the screams of pain a distant birdsong. Deep euphoria, completion.

It's second nature, the way Nai moves aside his own cape, leaving the pristine white of his neck exposed, sinking his nails to bring forth pearls of precious red. Trying to entice Vash to partake in communion of their own.

And the moment Vash finally succumbs, nibbling at Nai's skin like a flustered child, it's nothing short of glory, the way it makes him feel. Being one again, after so long.

Destiny fulfilled in an oath of love and tender violence.





In the Ruins of Jericho

Quinn

"Honestly, Knives," says Vash, looking up into the great canopy of his brother's apple tree, "I think the worst thing you ever did to me was leave me alone."

Sunlight filters through the leaves and rests on his face. It's the gentlest touch Vash has felt in a long time. He kicks the base of the tree out of spite and picks up his shovel, driving it into the ground with an anger he doesn't really mean. "What am I supposed to do without you to worry about, huh?" he mutters. He throws a clod of dirt over his shoulder. "What am I supposed to do with myself? It's like I don't have any responsibilities anymore. It's terrible, Knives. Terrible."

He berates his dead brother's tree as he digs, managing to go for a whole two hours before he runs out of things to say. "Rem would be *so* disappointed in you," he says, as his finishing blow. "You went and did all those terrible things. If you hadn't killed her, she would have cried, seeing all of it. God. Our mom. You killed our *mom*. I'll never forgive you."

Then he's silent as he works, widening the hole until it's broad enough to accommodate his shoulders. Then he has to lengthen it. Six feet down, and big enough to fit him comfortably. That's all he needs. He hadn't even bothered buying a coffin—it would be a waste, where he's going, and someone probably needed it more. "I'm always burying people," Vash says, more matter of fact than bitter, and addresses his best friend's ghost when he asks, "Why'd they call *you* the undertaker, huh? How come I had to be the typhoon?"

There's no answer.

Vash had started digging in the early morning, just as the sun came up over the horizon. By the time he finishes digging his grave, it's nearly twilight.

He leans on his shovel and peers at it. There are earthworms wriggling in there. Beetles, too. A millipede skitters over the bottom and he cringes.

He's made his decision, though. It's this or it's another lonely night, followed by an even lonelier morning. There's nothing to do on Gunsmoke anymore. Meryl's grandkids barely know who he is, and the matron of Hopeland Orphanage squints at him suspiciously when he comes by. Even Wolfwood's grave gets boring to talk to—which is why Vash had decided he'd dig his final resting place beside Knives's apple tree instead. There's an awful symmetry to it, anyway.

"Nothing for it," he mutters, and jumps in the hole.

There's an awkward ten minutes where he just dumps dirt on himself from the walls of his grave, and an even more awkward minute of him trying to redirect a very curious gaggle of ants from crawling into his collar. Eventually, though, in the suffocating darkness, Vash closes his eyes.

It could have been anywhere from thirty minutes to thirty days, but eventually he slips into an unconsciousness that's less like falling asleep and far more like dying. It's quieter. More restful. He despises how easy it is to let it take him, and he's pathetically grateful for it.

He's not at all expecting to open his eyes again, much less to the feeling of warm sun on his face and a familiar voice calling his name.

"Yo, Vash," says Knives, leaning half on a shovel with that spoiled milk expression he wears when he's annoyed. "Would you get up already?"

There's dirt in his ears. It's muffling the sound, because he must have misheard. In fact, it must also be in his eyes, because that can't possibly be his dead brother looming over him with a shovel in hand and wearing, of all things, a big beige coat. "It's my grave," Vash protests.

Oh, God. There's dirt in his *throat*. He coughs, and adds, "You can't just tell me to get out of my grave."

"It's not your grave," Knives says with an eyeroll, and smacks Vash with the end of the shovel. The pain feels very, very real. "It's just a hole. So get up already, little brother. I've been digging for hours and my back hurts."

"I didn't ask you to come and dig me up," says Vash, willing his rusty limbs to work. It's like they don't remember how to move right, and in the end, he has to reach down to bend his knee manually. Somehow, there's only the barest dusting of soil over his torso.

His brother must have excavated him gently.

"What else was I supposed to do?" Knives demands, his face pinched. "Do you know how long it took to find you? Honestly. You're a pain even when you're trying to die."

"Actually, I heavily disapprove of suicide—"

"Get *up*, Vash."

"Fine, fine," says Vash, moodily. He drags himself out of the grave that felt like he'd just gone to sleep in, and sits petulantly on the ground. He lets his feet dangle into the hole and kicks them.

Knives scowls at him. "You're 600 years old, and yet you act like an underdeveloped human child."

"600?" Vash asks, raising an eyebrow. "How long was I asleep?"

"A few hundred years," says his brother. "Give or take. I don't know when you decided, of all foolish things, to go take a nap in a *grave*."

"*You* try living for centuries without anything to do except shoot things and watch paint dry," Vash snaps. This whole thing feels like an out of body experience. "Everyone I loved had died, okay? I'm allowed to get tired of everything."

Knives has the gall to look offended. "You thought I *died?* That I could be *killed?* Vash, don't tell me the years inhaling dirt and arthropods rotted your brain."

"Who said I loved you?" Vash says, sick of being talked down to. He saves his brother's ungrateful ass and he gets an attitude from him as thanks. "I should have let the Earth Federation shoot."

"You wouldn't have," says Knives after a pause, rather quietly, and Vash doesn't refute it.

"So?" he says, once the silence has dragged on to an uncomfortable point. "How goes the genocide of the human race? I assume that's what you got up to, if you were on your own for so long."

Knives, of all things, looks irritated. "Humans are difficult to exterminate when you're about as powerful as the average adult man," he says, with an expression like it physically hurts to admit it. "I was forced to…reconsider my options."

Vash lets out a startled laugh. "Reconsider your—don't tell me I spent hundreds of years trying to get you to be *normal*, to *stop killing people* and all it took was me quite literally giving up and crawling into my own grave for you to *reconsider your options?*"

"Yes," says Knives, unrepentantly. "I spent most of those years you were asleep looking for you, actually. You're quite difficult to find."

"Unsurprising, because I'm Vash the Stampede," says Vash, and flashes his signature love-and-peace sign. "Rumors follow me as I chase the elusive mayfly of love, but I can never be tied down to one place."

Knives's expression twists, like Vash had shoved a naked human baby into his arms and told him to change its diaper.

"You must have tracked me down via the trail of forlorn women and their jealous lovers," Vash says, leering. "Alas, love is a tricky, elusive beast, and hunting down peace never gets any easier. I'm sure you've heard tales of my exploits in your search for me—"

"I want to go back to shooting each other," says Knives. "It was simpler back then."

"I do *not* want to go back to shooting each other," says Vash severely. "In fact, if you want to shoot me, I will go back into my grave and you will *not* be able to get me out of it."

His brother looks constipated. Good. It means he's actually listening for once.

Vash stops kicking his feet and sighs. "Are we still fighting?" he asks. "I don't want to fight anymore, Knives."

The weight of that settles on the both of them, as oppressive as a midsummer storm.

"Make no mistake. I'll hunt you down again if you're still slaughtering whoever gets in your way. It's my responsibility, and I won't shirk it," says Vash, his voice quiet and steady.

"You're not right about the humans," says Knives. "They're disgusting and wasteful and exploitative."

Vash tilts his head.

"But I'm not in the business of extermination anymore," he says finally. "They're like cockroaches, little brother. I couldn't destroy them no matter what I tried. Because if it's not you getting in the way, it'd be the Federation, and I have no way of fighting a whole galactic fleet on my own. Unless—"

"I won't help."

"Then," Knives concedes, "I won't be doing anything to the humans that they don't provoke. I finish fights, Vash. I won't compromise on that." He tilts his head. "But answer something for me. Why did you go and abandon everything to sleep in a grave for so long?"

Vash looks up at his brother, whom he had loved very much once. Vash loved the boy who liked watching butterflies, who was so sweet and soft that Rem told him that it was his job to look after him, who told him that maybe they could get along with humans. This was before he dreamed of killing them. This was before he'd looked at the burning, falling ships and turned to Vash, the light from the fires reflected in his eyes, and said—

"I found a way to make the universe more beautiful," says Vash.

Knives's face twists like he's in pain.

Good. *Good.*

Whatever ugly thing he wants to say, he visibly bites it back and holds out a hand. "Come on, Vash. Let's get out of here."

Vash looks at his brother's outstretched hand, then past his shoulder to the darkening summer sky. The stars have just barely started to wink awake, and if he closes his eyes, he can imagine the whirling constellations that'll form if he sticks around to see them. It'll be like living on the ship again, fingers laced with his brother's, surrounded by light and the endless possibility of space. He misses that world.

But nostalgia can't be the only reason he does this.

Instead of taking his hand, Vash raises his chin. "Tell me one thing," he says.

Knives rolls his eyes. "What."

"Tell me you'll love me more than you hate everything else."

Whatever he'd expected, nothing could have prepared him for the expression that crosses his brother's face. Something like heartbreak, something like deep seated hurt, something like fear. Knives has always been so good at listening to the terror.

"Can you promise?" Vash asks. "If you can't, I think I'll just go back to bed."

His brother looks down his nose at him, impossibly cruel and unreachable, and for a moment Vash thinks—he's missed his chance. Knives is going to walk away. He's asked for too much.

But then Knives does the unthinkable. He drops to his knees, getting dirt on the clean cotton of his pants, and leans into Vash's space. He smells like oranges somehow. Like sunlight and growing things. He presses his forehead to Vash's.

"Still remember how to do this?" he asks, and it takes Vash a second, because it's been so long since he's done it with his brother. So long since he's done it with any of his sisters, even. But this—it's written into his bones, in his skin, in the goddamn clothes he was buried in. He couldn't forget no matter how hard he tried.

The circuitry that marks them as Plants flares to life, and with it, the old feeling of his twin's mind settling beside his. Knives coaxes him into reaching out, the way he's always done—

"There you are," he whispers. Or does Knives say it? It's always hard to tell when they're like this.

"Is this enough of an answer?"

He opens his mouth to ask what his brother is talking about, but Knives is faster.

Vash can't remember the last time he'd ever been kissed.

Much less kissed like this, warm and soft and toe-curling. Kissed like Knives needed him more than air, more than blood. He doesn't kiss back for a long second, but when his brother tries to draw back, he reaches out to pull him in by the nape of his neck. It feels like he's melting as he leans into Knives, like the lines that silhouette them against the desert are dissolving into sand. His twin's lips are soft, and for once, they're not asking for anything Vash doesn't want to give.

When they break apart, Knives rests his forehead against Vash's. "I only feel brave enough to do that because you can't shoot me," he mutters.

Vash squawks at him. "Rude," he says. "I could absolutely shoot you."

"Not with all that dirt jamming the cylinder." Knives looks at him with eyes as blue and limitless as the sky. "So. Is that enough of an answer for you, little brother?"

"Kiss me again," says Vash.

And Knives does. They kiss until the stars have started their flamenco routine above them and Vash's lips are sore, and even then some. It feels like something about the world had been off-kilter for so long that Vash had stopped noticing it—but now, with Knives's tongue in his mouth and his hands, so used to killing, resting gently on his jaw, something slots into place. This is the opposite of a gunshot, of a bullet wound. This is the sound of bullets clinking on the ground, the safety engaged, the soft scuff of metal on leather as he holsters his gun.

Oh, how empty he'd been. How lonely.

When they pull apart, Knives ends up taking him to a river. It's the most damning evidence that the Gunsmoke Vash had known is gone, and there's an entirely new planet in its place. Vash stares at the rushing water, half an ile across and bursting with greenery at the banks, then at his brother. He's not looking at him—instead, he rubs absentmindedly at his swollen lips, gaze far away.

"Damn," says Vash, whistling. "Are you sure this is Noman's Land?"

"A lot of things change when you take a 500 year nap," his brother shoots back, and Vash just has to smile at him.

They're quiet for a second, and then Vash asks, "What did you do for the years I was asleep?"

Knives's mouth tugs up slightly. "A lot of things. You sure you want to know?"

"We have the time, don't we?" Vash points out. "I want to know everything, tell me everything."

So Knives sits down in the green rushes, pebbles scattering with the movement of his legs, and drags Vash down by the hand.

"It took me two hundred years to give up on Eden," says his brother. "It took me another hundred to give up trying to eradicate every parasite that would see us bleeding to death for them, and maybe a hundred more to give up getting back everything I'd lost."

"You gave up a lot of things while I was asleep," says Vash.

"What else could I do?" Knives asks. "Neither of us are any good alone, little brother. You know that."

"I did just fine, thanks," says Vash, a little acerbic. "I think most of my problems were your fault in the end."

"Maybe," he admits. "But were you happy, Vash?"

Vash opens his mouth to say that he was quite happy without him, thank you very much, before remembering that his happiness had been a fleeting, pale thing, that came like a flash and left just as quickly. He'd told Wolfwood, so long ago—

I was really happy with my life right now.

Had he? Was Ericks happy?

"I did alright for myself," says Vash instead, and Knives, surprisingly, doesn't press him. The river rushes past, rippling around the jutting stones and misting the tips of his boots. The only sound is the low hum of Worms traveling abovehead and the soft sound of his brother breathing. When was the last time they'd just sat together like this?

Some ragged edge inside of Vash finally settles.

"What now?" he asks, leaning back on his elbows and stretching his legs out until he's nearly touching the edge of the water. "What now, Knives?"

"I don't know," his brother admits.

Vash laughs. "So that's why you woke me up."

"A little."

Vash closes his eyes against the spinning stars and rushing water. "What is it you want?" he asks then. "There has to be something you wanted when you weren't thinking about Eden."

"I wanted…" Knives trails off.

Vash waits several long moments, just listening to Knives breathe, before opening his mouth again. "Well," says Vash, "I wanted a house on the edge of town. And a family. You know how much I like kids."

"Human children," says Knives, bitter. "I always got along with our sisters better than you. You'd always tease them."

Vash cracks one eye open to grin at him. "Not my fault they're sensitive girls. A little like you, y'know." And when the wrinkles in Knives's expression don't relax, he reaches over to brush his thumb over them. "We could start with a dog."

"From what I hear, you bark enough to be a family pet all by yourself," Knives says imperiously. But the frown on his face smooths out with every pass of Vash's thumb, because his brother has always been weak to kindness.

Vash had forgotten.

"That was one time," Vash says, scrunching his face up. "But fine. A cat, then. Maybe a black one with big eyes so you can have creepy staring contests with it, yeah?"

Knives sniffs. "A cat is acceptable."

"There," says Vash. "Something for us to want together. But if you pick the pet, I get to pick the town."

"We don't have to live near a town," says Knives. "In fact, I think we should live as far from people as possi—"

"Nope," says Vash, his voice very serious, as if he were gently informing a child that they couldn't stay at the park any longer. "I need donuts and I need human friends or I'll go postal. You know that."

"You could go postal with me," Knives says mulishly.

"I'd go postal *on* you," Vash informs him. "And then we'll be back at square one."

"Fine," says Knives, like it tastes sour in his mouth. Vash just has to lean up and kiss it away, replacing it with sugar-sweet slowness as he swallows down his brother's little sighs.

He reaches up to cup Knives's face in his hands, marveling at the way it fits perfectly between them. "Let's just try to live again, okay?" he says, captivated by the stars reflected in Knives's grass green irises. "Please?"

Knives knocks their foreheads together. "It'll be like it was before," he whispers, an aching hope in his voice that Vash hasn't heard in a thousand years. "When we were kids."

His expression swims with something so sweet and vulnerable that Vash barely recognizes him. He's looking at Vash with his eyes wide open. Like he's finally seeing him for who he is, for what he stands for, for the years they've spent apart becoming entirely new people. Things are different now, and maybe they can't ever be exactly the same, but they can try. They can try.

"Yeah," says Vash, sure he sounds just as desperate, and kisses his brother like he's sealing a promise. "Yeah, Knives. Just like that."



Two Bloody Feathers

Riye Rose

Content Warning:

explicit sexual content | kidnapping | mild violence
one-sided affection

Snowflakes drifted down from a sunless sky, the endless sheet of gray stretching on even past the horizon. Every so often, a frigid wind took off and kicked up a flurry of fallen snow, creating a small typhoon that lasted for mere seconds. The daycare children happily bundled themselves up as their parents' cars began to pull up out front, some even helped others put their snow boots on and wrap their scarves around their faces. They were also helped by one of the daycare attendants, albeit the most beloved one, Vash Saverem. In his short year of working there, Vash had built himself an interesting reputation amongst the children and parents of Seedlings Daycare.

The kids outright adored them, and even the ones that were a bit bratty and unyielding at first eventually came to be charmed by him, demanding his attention over the others. It was practically a battle for which kid got the golden opportunity to sit on Vash's lap during storytime. And their parents? They were smitten with him as well, in a more grown-up fashion at least. Rather than sitting in Vash's lap, many of them wanted *him* to sit on their laps and do much more than just reading. How unfortunate for all those pining parents, however, because Vash was already taken, and had been since he was a teen.

"Yo, Spikey!" Vash poked his head into the room hearing Wolfwood's call. "That was the last kid. You almost ready to go? I can give you a ride home."

"Awww, that's so sweet of you, Nico," the blonde said with a smile. "But that's okay. Nai should be here in a few minutes to get me."

"Hm."

As Wolfwood shuffled through his apron and pulled out a slightly crumpled box of cigarettes, he slid over to the window and cracked it, enough to let some wintery air in and take any unwanted smells out. Although the kids had already gone home, he didn't want the smell of cigarette smoke lingering in the room. Wolfwood took a long drag before exhaling nice and slow, shaking the ashes out into the snow.

"You and him are pretty close, huh?" Wolfwood inquired, keeping his gaze on Vash. "Knives, I mean."

Vash glanced his way, cocking his head to the right. "Well, of course we are. We're twins, after all."

"Ya seem way closer than twins normally are, if you ask me," said Wolfwood, his tone rather blunt. "He picks you up at the same time everyday, drops you off before work. You two live together, go out all the time, I bet you even sleep in the same bed."

"If we do, I don't think it's really your business, Nicholas," Vash told him with just a touch of haughtiness in his voice.

Wolfwood scratched the back of his head, looking embarrassed. "Nah Spikey, that's not what I'm getting at. I'm just saying with how much time you spend with that asshole, you don't really have time to spend with anybody else."

"Of course I do! I spend time with Milly and Meryl, you and I hang out together, sometimes I go visit Luida and Brad although Nai doesn't get along with them so he hates when I--"

"Spikey, I'm talking about in a *romantic* way." Finished with his cigarette, Wolfwood snuffed out the dim spark at the end, threw the butt into the trash can, stood, and slow-walked over to Vash. "If there's someone special you want in your life, or someone who *wants* to be that special person, how're you supposed to be with them if your brother is always around?"

"I…"

Vash's words trailed off. Wolfwood stood directly in front of him, his intense gaze making Vash shiver despite the warmness of the room. He chewed on his bottom lip and looked away, unsure of how to respond to Wolfwood's question.

"Spikey."

There was a small flinch on Vash's end when Wolfwood brought his hand up to cup the blonde's cheek, his big hands rough but gentle at the same time. Vash closed his eyes and sighed, smiling into Wolfwood's palm.

"Sorry Nico," was all he could say.

"Heh, figured that was the case," Wolfwood chuckled mirthlessly. "You love him, don't you?"

Vash couldn't help but giggle as well. "Yeah. He's my other half, after all."

"Well, well, I do hope I'm not interrupting anything."

The sets of eyes turned to the new face in the room. Knives Millions stood across the room, gaze fixated on Vash and Wolfwood. His arms were crossed over his broad chest, and his expression was neutral but the look in his icy-blue eyes was chilling.

"Not at all, Nai."

Without hesitation, Vash stepped away from Wolfwood and strode over to his

twin's side. Knives' stony countenance dissolved into a look of tenderness upon laying his eyes upon his brother. A muscular arm slithered out and around Vash's waist and tugged him close. The younger blond looked to protest when Knives' hand caressed his face, but no words came out and he didn't fight his brother's lips against his own. Wolfwood stood there stiff, awkward, and slightly annoyed, unable to really do much aside from watching the brothers kiss. And his annoyance shot up when Knives' frigid gaze looked his way, mockingly almost.

"You ready to go, my love?" Knives asked Vash with one final peck.

"Yep!" Vash peered at Wolfwood with a soft, sweet smile. "Get home safely, okay Nico?"

Wolfwood nodded with a sigh. "Yeah. You too, Spikes."

Vash and Knives lived a life of pure luxury, thanks to Knives' lucrative business. Though Vash would've preferred a more simple way of living, Knives refused to give him anything less than the best. And eventually, Vash just decided to let Knives do as he pleased. Still, he wished that Knives didn't have their beautiful condo on the 55th floor of a 60 story building: that seemed a bit overkill even if the view was nice.

The two of them stood by the floor to ceiling windows, watching the snowfall in the dimness of their living room. They both had a tall glass of bubbling champagne in each hand with Knives pressed against Vash from behind.

"Vash, I love you," he murmured into Vash's ear.

"Mhm, I know, Nai," Vash responded with a soft giggle.

"You love me too, right?"

"Of course I do, Nai. I love you so much."

"Hmm… My Vash, all mine."

"Nai, were you jealous seeing Wolfwood touch me?"

To that, Knives let out a small frustrated noise. "He had the nerve to touch you, that shitty priest. Still hasn't learned his place. He's lucky I don't–"

"Nai." Vash's voice was stern. "Nicholas is off-limits."

"I know, my love. I won't, you have my word." Knives intertwined his hand with Vash's and kissed his fingers. "But you know that I would hunt down any lowlife that would dream of harming you."

Vash reddened. "You're overexaggerating, Nai."

"Not at all," Knives insisted. "Never when it comes to you."

The champagne glasses were set down, Vash turned around to face Knives, and Knives embraced him. Their lips met again in a deep, passionate kiss. The twins clung to one another, unable to fully feel complete without the other. Knives' hands made their way down Vash's lean body, caressing and rubbing him through his pants. Pressed up against the thick pane of glass, Vash was helpless to escape Knives' touch, not that he wanted to anyway.

"My Vash," Knives murmured against the skin of Vash's collarbone, breathy and enamored. "All mine."

Vash couldn't hold back his needy whimpers. "N-Nai… Rubbing me there so much, aah…"

"You like it, though. Look Vash, you're already soaking wet for me."

"Nai…!"

"Mm, you're so adorable when you call my name like that~"

Knives quickly stripped himself and Vash of their clothing, leaving them discarded in a heap just a short distance away. The glass pane felt so cold against Vash's heated skin, but he could hardly focus on that. With both hands on his twin's curvaceous hips, Knives lined his cock up with Vash's slippery wet entrance and plunged into his addictive heat with a heavy shudder. He thrust deep and hard into his brother, and Vash in return could only moan and sob out Knives' name, lost in the endless waves of pleasure and lust.

"So good for me, Vash," Knives praised him with a breathless laugh. "Your tight little hole isn't meant for anyone else but me, right?"

Vash nodded to the best of his abilities. "Mhm…! It belongs to y-you, Nai… My pretty little hole is only…for my Nai-nii ♡"

"That's my Vash…~"

The twins had been inseparable since birth, forever at each other's side, forever only thinking and looking at one another. They'd deepened their relationship to a much higher intimacy level during their teen years, and it stayed strong throughout adulthood, despite others trying their damndest to woo either twin. But for as many people that tried to pursue them for romantic reasons, there was an equal or greater number of people that sought them out for much darker purposes. This in no small part was mostly because of Knives' criminal background.

Along with being the prestigious albeit icy and unapproachable CEO of Millions Corp, Knives Millions was also a well-known and highly acclaimed mafia boss. His organization trumped most black-tie gangs that dwelled in the city's underworld.

Those that weren't on Knives' side were his enemy, regardless of gang status.

As for Vash, well, he wasn't exactly involved with that seedy side. Of course he knew about Knives' immense body count and the copious amount of blood he'd spilled, but being a pacifist at heart, he couldn't bring himself to actively harm others.

There were exceptions, however.

"Mommy! Mommy!"

Vash's ears perked upon hearing the frightful wails. He followed the sound to the source, shocked to find that it was one of his daycare children, a little boy standing alone and bawling incessantly. With the late afternoon light slowly drifting to dusk, it wasn't the best place for a parentless child to be. Vash ran to the kid's side, his voice soft and comforting.

"Now what are you doing out here by yourself, little guy?" he asked.

The boy's harsh sobs diminished, his teary eyes looking up at Vash. "I…I got separated from my mommy… Mr. Vash, please help me find her."

Vash gave the boy a sweet smile. "Of course. Come on, we'll look for her together."

He held his hand out, and the little boy slipped his tiny hand into Vash's palm. The two of them began walking in the direction the boy said he'd come from, hoping to retrace his steps to figure out where he lost contact with his mother.

"I think it was this way, Mr. Vash!" the little boy said to him, tugging Vash in a different direction.

Vash nodded and let himself be led down the street. As they walked, Vash noticed a figure coming towards them. It was a woman, lean and pretty. Vash was quick to recognize her, and the boy smiled big and bold.

"Mommy!" he called out.

Taking his hand away from Vash, the boy scampered over to his mother who met him with open arms. Vash gave a relieved smile.

"I'm glad we were able to find you, ma'am," he told her.

To his surprise, when she looked up at him, her expression was riddled with remorse and regret. "I-I'm so sorry…"

"What?" Vash looked confused. "Why are you apologizing to me?"

She didn't answer, only pulled her son closer. At the same time, three or four black cars had rolled up to the curb, and several black-suited men came out. They surrounded Vash, blocking his view of the mother and son. One of the gentlemen stepped forward. He was dressed in a nice white suit with jewelry to spare and a grin that gave Vash an uncomfortable feeling.

"Vash Saverem?" he questioned.

"Yes, I am," Vash replied. "Who are you?"

The man let out a dark chuckle. "Someone who's about to get even. Mind taking a ride with us? Pfft, don't even know why I asked that: it's not even a choice for you."

Hands roughly grabbed at Vash's arms. Though he protested and struggled in their hold, they forced him into one of the cars. Once he was secured inside, the others returned to their vehicles and drove off to an unknown destination.

"Knives-sama, it appears your brother is calling for you."

Indifferent as usual, Legato stepped to the side, just narrowly dodging the body being chucked his way. The disciplining session had finally concluded with 99% of the people unconscious, just skirting the edge of death. Knives was feeling more merciful than usual.

"Give me the phone, Legato," Knives demanded, wiping his bloodied hand before holding it out.

Legato obeyed and passed the cellphone to his master. Knives immediately picked up the call, his tone changing in a matter of seconds. "Vash~"

"N-Nai…"

Knives' soft expression hardened. "Vash? What's the matter?"

"I think…I've been kidnapped."

"What?"

Vash's voice was replaced with a different one, one Knives didn't care enough to try and recognize. *"You heard your precious brother, Millions. We've got this cutie on our turf, and if you don't want him back chopped like fresh cuts, you'll follow my demands."*

Knives scoffed, unbothered. "And just what is it that you want?"

"I want to get even, Millions. You don't know how to respect your fellow crimelords, so I'm gonna teach you a lesson. We'll see just how tough you are."

"What are you planning to do to Knives?"

"Awww, do you hear that? Your precious brother is worried about you! Maybe I'll let him watch you die." There was a sharp laugh from the caller before they continued. *"You know where I am, Millions. See you soon."*

The call dropped with a click, and the dial tone echoed in Knives' ear. The man sighed with slight exasperation.

"Legato, do you have Vash's location?"

"Indeed, Knives-sama. The tracker is working in perfect condition and following Vash's location. Shall I collect Zazie, Livio, and Elendira?"

"Yes, it looks like we'll have a mess to clean up."

With the location pulled from the tracker in Vash's phone, Legato drove a silent Knives to the address where Vash and his captors were waiting. It brought them to the lower east end of the city, littered with factories, warehouses, and manufacturing complexes of varying sizes. The CEO's pristine car pulled up in front of a massive warehouse, its yard eerily quiet but not empty considering the dark vehicles lurking in the shadows. Knives stepped out with a flourish, unbothered as he strolled towards the warehouse entrance. With both hands on the metal doors, he pushed them open without exerting much strength. A putrid copper stench wafted out, and Knives wrinkled his nose a bit at its intensity. For such a vivid scent to hit him almost immediately, he surmised that it was already too late.

The golden late afternoon light kicked away the shadows to reveal bodies strewn across the tiled flooring. Pools of deep red seeped into the cracks, staining the floors and the bodies laying motionless in them. Out of nowhere, a mangled cry for help rang out, begging and pleading for mercy. Knives listened to the wailing that was ultimately silenced with a loud wet snap. His gaze fell to the person responsible for the carnage around him. Fair skin and clothes were splattered with blood, droplets falling from shaking fingertips. In the empty silence, Knives could hear haggard breathing and jumbled incoherent muttering, something akin to curses.

A gentle expression crossed his face as he stepped closer to the culprit. "Vash."

Upon hearing his name, the blonde stiffened and peered at him over his shoulder, hesitant. His eyes still bore a wild look to them that now radiated with apprehension. "N-Nai?"

"It's alright now, Vash," Knives said sweetly, reaching a hand out to his brother. "I'm here, you're okay."

Vash's eyes began to up, and he reached out an unsteady hand to Knives. When their hands met, Knives pulled him into a strong embrace, content when Vash relaxed in his arms.

"I was scared, Nai," Vash whispered into his shoulder. "They wanted to hurt you, they wanted…they wanted you dead."

Knives couldn't help but smile. "Vash, you did this to protect me, didn't you?"

"I'm sorry… I shouldn't have…"

"Shhh, it's alright. I'm not mad. I'm actually quite pleased; you saved me the trouble of taking out these pests myself. Seems this one was intimidated by my status and wanted to solidify himself as the alpha." Knives scoffed mockingly. "Small dogs yap the loudest and are the hardest to silence."

Vash's face was lifted by Knives' hand, and he leaned into his twin's palm with a soft sigh. "You'll dispose of them properly, right Nai?"

"If that's what you wish, my Vash," Knives told him. "Legato and the others are already waiting to clean up. It's time for you and I to head back home, just the two of us."

"Just the two of us…" Vash repeated with a smile. "I love you, Nai. I love you."

"I love you too, my precious Eve."



Superposition

Scythe

Content Warning:

omegaverse | oral sex | rough sex

Vash can't count the number of times he's been in this exact situation on both hands.

Weak, needy, in the middle of the summer when he already wants to tear his clothes off. If it wasn't for the insufferable thought of having *someone else* in his body mixed with horrible sex, he might do it; yet he always ends up *here* during his heat, facing a dark, oak door with a blood red face and hooded eyes.

This might be the worst part, when he can't hide his face from Nai anymore and must face him after another separation. Sometimes it's four, sometimes it's two, and on very unfortunate years, it's only once. Nai's rut and Vash's heat oscillate with the seasons, growing furthest apart from each other every few years, then colliding all at once. This year was the longest they'd gone – six whole months since Nai's rut in the dead of winter, six whole months without seeing his brother's face, caressing his hair, touching his calloused skin.

He knows Nai can smell him from the other side of the door, just like how he knows that the alpha is sitting on a chair with his legs spread, one hand tapping until Vash walks in either by gaining enough courage or succumbing to his desires.

Not everyone is like this, he's been told. He *knows* their bond is fucked up – most people aren't claimed at fourteen, but most people aren't claimed by their brother, either. Despite the dirty secret of who claimed Vash that he kept from everyone, there wasn't a doubt in his mind that Nai was the one meant for him. Nai protected him, killed for him, *loved* him – the twisted kind that made bile rise in his throat.

He doesn't know why he can't go to anyone else, or why Nai is the only alpha that Vash can smell, or why Vash can hear his thoughts. It could be their age and their eleven-year-bond. It could be because of what was done to them when they were younger. Either way, Vash would never have answers. Nai had wiped each of the scientists from the face of the Earth before Vash could ask.

It wasn't just the scientists. It was their families, bosses, servants, *anyone* that Nai could find a connection to.

The most sickening part is that Nai does it for him.

In the name of love.

Vash blames their divide on the horrible things Nai does. Nai blames it on Vash's weakness to other humans.

Whatever the reason is doesn't matter, because they are stuck like this – doomed to be each other's mates until the end of time, with no death, no rebirth.

Nothing except for each other.

Nai is quiet this time, making Vash uneasy. There's a pit in his stomach, slick between his legs, and a hunger for Nai in his entirety. The alpha usually taunts him, laughing at Vash's antics and the juxtaposition of his strong, reserved younger brother reduced to a whimpering mess. It doesn't matter how long Nai takes; Vash will wait, either until Nai collects his slick-covered body from outside the apartment, or he caves in and fucks Vash against the door.

Are you going to wait there all night?

Vash's heart drops at the deep voice, fast and dull throbs in his stomach that force him to clench with every thought of the man who sits behind the door. He raises his hand to the red wood, his fingertips outstretched. Once the door opens, there is no going back, at least not for the next few days.

Come, Vash.

The door creaks with the weight of Vash, already holding onto the frame for support. His vision blurs once his eyes settle on Nai, ten feet away, his shirt already off. Nai's bigger than last time – he always is, always gaining muscle and scars and tattoos like it belongs on his body. The very thought of what Nai's large hands could do sent shivers down his spine.

"You're late," Nai says, crossing his arms, voice smooth. "What took you so long?"

You've been tracking my heat again. Vash thinks the words individually, trying to string them together. It's been a while since they last had their connection. He doesn't have much more time – his journey lasted three days longer than he thought it would. The preheat is eradicated. Thirty more minutes, and Vash won't even be able to think straight.

"Your recklessness has led you to vulnerability." Nai's head tilts towards Vash as blue eyes rake down the younger's body. His things have already been cast outside of Nai's door, too heavy for the omega to support them anymore.

Vash bites his lip instead of saying something in return. He hates when Nai does this – his overprotectiveness is what turns his brother dark. When Nai is stressed, he will hurt someone. When he's upset, he takes it out on himself. But when Vash is away from him, he kills.

I can hear you. Nai raises his eyebrows. *You can't hide your thoughts from me.*

Vash scowls even deeper.

Get out of my head. Vash thinks. *I hate when you do this.*

Nai rolls his eyes, eyes fixing on Vash's waist now. He's so sweaty that it shines through the dirty, white shirt. Vash sees what Nai does for a second – a memory of Nai's hands around Vash's waist, thumbs almost touching, fixated on the tight stretch of Vash's cunt around his dick. The memory fades as Nai becomes captured in another thought, this time of his hands around Vash's throat, gripping so hard that there's red marks and tears rushing down his brother's cheeks.

If he was sober, Vash would roll his eyes and tell Nai to stop thinking of him like that, but he's annoyed. Nai is toying with him while he's this close to heat.

The next memory isn't a glimpse, but a hyperfocus. It's from Nai's rut three years ago, where Vash had crawled to Nai on his hands and knees, fully naked, tongue out and waiting for Nai's thick cock to knot his mouth. Every detail is accounted for – it's Vash's apartment this time, his sheets torn to shreds from Nai's grip, blood staining the pillows from their messy bites. The look on Vash's face as he waits for Nai is the main focus.

That's what he wants from Vash right now.

The omega's holes are so wet that small drops are forming on the floor, all from being so close to his life-long alpha. The intoxicating scent of amber, leather, and fruit fills his lungs.

The nauseating smell of home.

I can't wait much longer. Vash's hands clench at his side. He wants to get this over with – he wants Nai's knot inside of him *right now* –

"I can still hear you, angel." Nai cocks his head to the other side, taking happiness from Vash's contorted face. "If you want it, you know how to get it."

Vash drops to his knees. It's just a bit longer until he gets what he needs, and only a few more days until he can leave Nai, then he won't have to live with the guilt of fucking his brother who kills others until Nai's rut starts once again. With shame on his face, he places one hand in front of the other, his knees shaking with each breath.

Naked. Nai's voice echoes in his head. Vash looks up to see a cruel smile across his face. With trembling hands, Vash pulls the wet tank top off, clenching his legs together as he shimmies out of his shorts. The humiliation that comes with his nakedness and Nai's clothed body is awful. If Nai was bare, then the situation would be equal, but Nai is *never* fair.

Fair, Nai scoffs before opening his mouth again. "You like to think you're so much better than me, but you crawl on your hands and knees like a dog to its owner. Is that what I am for you?"

Vash moves forward, heat rising from his cunt to his face, and he forces himself to look up to Nai and answer a question that Nai already knows. He's stronger

than the taunting, than the degradation, and he's doing this because of his actions from years ago. It wasn't Nai's fault they bonded. It was *his*.

I hate you for this, Vash thinks.

It's never *'I hate you.'* Vash couldn't bear that.

As if Vash crawling on his hands and knees wasn't enough, Nai moves forward and grabs his jaw harshly, forcing it up for Vash's body to expose itself. Nai's gaze traces over each new scar, every bone and muscle, the pink, puffy nipples, his eyes darkening when Vash's clit twitches under his watchful eyes.

"Say it." Nai's thumb softly moves across Vash's chin, thumbing over his lips.

This is Vash's out – Vash can pull away now, and Nai will still fuck him through his heat without teasing him anymore, because he's already gotten a new memory to jerk off to for the foreseeable future. But Vash *never* backs down, and he needs to be fucked as rough as Nai can give it to him. This is always how their first time goes when they reunite. Vash can have it soft and tender when Nai is piecing his brother back together after breaking his insides.

Vash bites his cheek. It's his game, after all.

Say what?

"What I want and what you need."

Vash leans into the touch of Nai's hand just a bit. His voice gets a bit higher in his head as he says, *I need you to –*

"No," Nai interrupts him, his grip tightening. "Out loud."

"You're humiliating me," Vash retorts, his voice coming out as a whine, much worse than he intended.

"You're doing that to yourself."

Vash loathes Nai's words as much as he loves the feelings he receives. With a shaky voice, almost too overcome with lust to properly speak and shrouded in embarrassment, he whispers, "I need your knot."

For a second, Vash thinks his words have gotten through, which is much nicer than the alternative because now he doesn't have to degrade himself, but he's never that fortunate.

"It's not good enough."

"Nai…" Vash mewls, eyes closing as his heat rises further in his chest, digging into his organs and seeping into every crevice of his body.

"You're awful at this. Do you know how many people would beg to be in this position?"

His protruding fangs sink into Nai's thigh before he can think. Blood blossoms from broken skin, rushing in small rivers to pool underneath them. It's certainly nothing as bad as Vash has done before. Vash would've fully bitten Nai if he was mad; he only nipped.

His brother's hand finds its way into soft blonde hair, gripping close to the base and pulling up harshly. Like this, they are finally close enough to not distinguish their scents, mixing into something that smells uniquely of them.

Nai's own fangs protrude a bit when he opens his mouth to speak again. "I'm done playing with you."

Do better.

Vash falls on his back from the force of Nai's shove, hitting the ground with a soft thud. The alpha crosses his arms, looking borderline bored at Vash's display.

Fine.

If Vash's game is resisting, then Nai's game is provoking.

One of Vash's legs falls to the side, Nai's watchful eyes still on him. A small hand trails up his thigh, dancing around his waist and tracing over his stomach, right where his womb is. Nai's scent flares as Vash moves towards his pretty, pink pussy, spreading the lips apart with two fingers. The slick soaks the carpet, still gushing out with even the slightest contact.

All the while, Vash's eyes are locked onto Nai, fidgeting with every movement of Vash's fingers.

Flashbulb memories flood his mind as Nai struggles to keep his composure together, allowing Vash entry to his dirtiest thoughts again.

In one memory, he's sitting on his knees, cheeks bulging with Nai's fat cock, cum and saliva falling out of the edges. In another, his hands are bound behind his back, face shoved into the pillow as Nai continues to fuck him from behind. His face is contorted in each of them. Soundless screams, open mouths, out-of-focus eyes, limp body parts – all the pieces of Vash that are Nai's to break and remold until the end of time.

It's pathetic that Nai doesn't even wait a full minute. His desperation sets in, his body begging for Vash's sweet taste, slapping his brother's hands away so that he can lock his mouth on Vash's small dick. The reaction is instantaneous – his thighs jerk against the weight of Nai's hands, threatening to crush his head from the relief of pressure. His back arches with each flick of Nai's tongue, hungry and devouring him.

Mine.

Mine.

Mine.

Vash's eyes fly open as he balances on the edge of his orgasm.

No. He refuses to cum like this, so easy and desperate that it only takes a few minutes. It's almost as embarrassing as Nai's waiting time. If he's going to cum, then it won't be on his back, underneath Nai's hard body.

The scent of fresh blood is still in the air.

Vash wants more of it.

Nai loses his breath when Vash locks his leg under Nai's arm, twisting them so that Vash is on top, hovering his pussy right above Nai's face. His eyes are almost black with lust, and his hands immediately find their way back to Vash's thighs, fingernails digging into soft, scarred skin. It's barely audible, but Nai can still feel when the skin tears and knows that red crescents and bruises will litter Vash's body.

His older brother forces Vash down with so much force that Vash is worried that he'll break the other's nose. Nai's tongue digs into Vash's slit, his nose inhaling all of the sweat and slick that has gathered elsewhere. Vash takes a look behind him, bracing himself on Nai's thighs, pressing two fingers into the fang marks left behind. Nai shudders at the feeling.

It hurts, it hurts, it hurts.

Vash moans through the thoughts of his brother, the constant twitching and whimpering of pain indistinguishable between them.

Is there ever too much? Is that even possible for them?

Vash doesn't think so. Nai can rip and tear into him all he wants – Vash has taken much, much more pain than this before – and Nai is powerless to Vash's wants, no matter how much he denies it. He'll become a pain slut for his brother if that's what Vash wanted. He'd cut off his tongue, his legs, his arms, he'd cut every piece of exposed skin, he'd let Vash absolutely destroy him – anything to know that Vash is obsessed with him, too.

Not… not like this. Vash moans as Nai's hands dig into his stomach, leaving a path of bloody fingerprints.

How then? Nai answers obediently.

Vash twists towards Nai's waist, letting his cunt barely touch the tip of Nai's dick. Nai looks like his face will burst from the heat, from the pain of waiting to watch Vash's eyes roll back and fully sheath himself on his dick. Nai's hand carefully grabs onto Vash's ass, spreading his fingers to see Vash's hole leaking straight onto his cock, coating it like lube.

His eyes flick back to Vash's face. It looks normal now – not simply human, but like *them*. Longer faces, darker, sullen, deep eye sockets with yellow orbs, a smile that is *just not right*.

Beautiful. Nai thinks before he pushes Vash onto the ground, placing one hand above Vash's protruding shoulder blades, right on the back of his hair, and the other on his cunt. Vash doesn't think in words anymore – it's all feelings, pictures, emotions.

Nai's hand pulls Vash's head back enough so that Nai can look into his eyes, forcing his body to bend backwards. He traces the fingerprints on Vash's stomach again, his tongue slipping out and letting spit fall onto open lips.

Is this what you want? Nai thinks. He must look just like his brother now, catching a glimpse of his reflection in Vash's eyes. *Want me to fuck you like this?*

Vash's true smile is enough to freak anyone out, but not Nai.

Yes, brother.

Orange bursts into black in Vash's mind as Nai thrusts all of himself into Vash's body at once, the force knocking them both onto the floor. Their bodies slide with the fluids against each other, hips hitting the floor and scraping the wood, moans loud enough to fill the apartment.

It's everything they need.

Vash never knows when his heat actually ends. He's always too lost in the movements and the relinquish of power to someone else. If he doesn't need to think about it for a bit, then he doesn't need to think about anything. There's nothing to fret over when he's coming down from his high, because Nai already has his every worry tended to.

Nai scrubs his body of dry slick, sweat, and blood, rubbing healing creams into all the places that Vash will inevitably bruise and scar. He dresses the wounds at his neck and thighs. He'll change the bed sheets by himself, finger feed Vash afterwards and wrap the omega with his large body to preserve all his warmth.

No one will ever care about Vash as much as Nai.

You're so mean, Vash thinks. *I never made you wait like that when you were in rut.*

You could've stopped me. Nai runs one of his hands down Vash's back, the other scratching his still-wet hair. *Don't act like you're helpless.*

I couldn't help it. It's been too long since I've seen you.

He regrets the thought as soon as it's finished. Nai's scent turns sour immediately. He's upset.

I'll stop if that means you stay.

The pain is evident with each word, even if it's unspoken. There's no barriers when it's all in your mind, nothing to cover how you really feel.

You've said that before, Vash thinks.

I mean it this time.

Vash's own heart twists in his chest as Nai holds his just a bit tighter. A kiss presses onto his shoulders. No matter how much he struggles to conceal it, the pain and longing seeps out uncontrollably.

You can't lie to me, Vash responds, and the knife moves deeper into his chest. *I know the real you.*

Nai feels like he's been punched in the gut. He struggles to regulate his thoughts, only releasing a repetition of *don't* and *please*. Vash wishes he could cut off their connection at times like this. It makes leaving him that much harder.

I need you, Vash.

The omega turns in Nai's arms, wrapping around his brother. Nai won't cry – he never does – but this is when he's the weakest, when he's begging Vash to stay with him. It's like they're kids again, holding onto each other and swearing that they'll never leave, that they'll never show this side of them to anyone else. Vash likes to think that Nai is the one who pushed him away, who became so violent towards others that Vash couldn't support him anymore… but he knows it's not true. He can't lie to himself forever. It's all Vash's fault.

Just for a bit longer, Nai thinks. *Just for tonight.*

Nai hates falling asleep when everything is over; when he wakes, Vash will be gone, and he'll be all alone again. Four years together, seven years apart. He doesn't think it's fair when he sees other alphas and their omegas. He hates when others come up to him, trying to get his attention, when he already belongs fully to one person who hates his guts most of the time. Vash only honors his bond when he needs Nai to take care of him, and Nai can live with knowing he's worth something at least some of the time.

That's what he tells himself.

Nai will be okay. He's *always* okay.

Vash will see him in a few months, anyways.


SEEDS PROJECT
muepin 2023


DID YOU MISS ME, VASH~?
N-NAI...
I MISSED YOU
NAI
N-NAI
Ah!
Ah!
VASH...
HA...
NAI
THRUST
THRUST

For Everyone to See

Sho

Content Warning:

explicit sexual content | blowjobs | consensual office sex

"You're *late*," is what Vash is greeted with as he walks into Knives Inc. He wasn't expecting anything less.

"Hello to you too, Legato!" Vash answers, forcing his face into a smile. Legato is many things to his brother-- an assistant, a whipping boy, a right-hand man, and someone who is sickeningly devoted and in love with him. If Vash didn't know Nai as well as he does, he might even be a little jealous. But in reality, Legato is nothing more than a pain in his ass.

"Your lazy behavior is extremely disrespectful, Vash. I will not tolerate disrespect towards Mr. Saverem. He will be hearing about this!" Vash ignores Legato, waving hello to the receptionist as he pulls out various items from his bag, heading to the supply closet to grab the hose he uses to water the plants around Nai's office building.

When Nai graduated college, he had nothing more than a dream and a mind for business. Their mother gave them both a small loan as a graduation present, hoping that they would go invest it into their respective futures. Nai started his company, and it's only through his cut-throat attitude and sharp mind that it's done so well. Vash, on the other hand, isn't meant for the same kind of lifestyle. He took his small loan and opened a small, community garden center in the city about an hour away. It doesn't make very much money, and he has to live with a few roommates. But overall, Vash likes his work. He teaches classes to local children about plants, and even speaks at his neighborhood elementary school a few times a year. Nai's tried to get Vash to join his business time and time again, mostly after he stops by Vash's apartment to pick him up, shocked at how his brother is living. Vash always says no. He prefers a more simple life. He doesn't think he'd much enjoy yelling at someone overseas on the phone at odd hours of the day.

The compromise they came to was this-- twice a month, Vash goes to Nai's office to take care of his plants. It's a very simple job, one that Vash could do in his sleep. The pay is *far* too much for what Vash actually deserves, but it keeps them both happy. Nai no longer fusses at Vash for not living with him, and Vash gets to keep the sense of independence that he craves. He gets to tuck money into his savings, and invest in his own community.

He also gets an excuse to get bent over Nai's desk twice a month. He likes that the most.

Vash has been fucking his twin brother since he knew what fucking was. Occasionally, one of them tries to date, but it always seems to end up in disaster. Nai is his constant, his lover, his twin, the reason he wants to run away, the reason he can't seem to leave. He's Vash's everything, and Vash wishes that it were easier for him to just admit that. Nai has no problem with it, oftentimes just wanting to laze around in bed with Vash, telling him all of the ways he loves him.

Vash wants to, and one day, he swears he will. For now, days like this are enough. They're special to them both. He's been looking forward to seeing Nai all week.

"Okay, you can inform my *twin brother* of my atrocities." Vash can't help but smile. It's always amusing to him that Legato truly believes Nai will be offended by something as little as his brother getting stuck in traffic. "Do you think he'll fire me?"

Legato grinds his teeth. He follows Vash around, nipping at his heels as Vash moves from plant to plant, inspecting it, taking notes of which ones he needs to replace. "Oh, I hope so," Legato sneers. "You don't deserve this position. You don't deserve *him*."

"You are quite feisty today! You should really go talk to him. I bet he'll care *so very much*." Vash knows he's being mean, but someone as generally unpleasant as Legato kind of deserves it.

Legato huffs, furiously turning on his heel and marching in the direction of Nai's office. Vash chuckles lightly to himself, imagining Nai's unimpressed expression as Legato tells him all about how awful Vash is. Nai's going to be so annoyed when he hears that Vash gave Legato attitude back. Vash kind of hopes he gets spanked for it. Now *that* would be fun. For as annoying as Nai's sternness can be outside of sex, Vash finds that he enjoys it *immensely* during the act itself. He likes being scolded, lectured. He likes when Nai praises him for doing something well, for making him feel good.

Vash finds that he must be a lot more pent up than he thought. He hasn't gotten off in a while, but maybe he should have. He'd probably be less distracted.

He knows that the sooner he finishes his work, the sooner he gets to go spend his night with Nai, so Vash finds himself hurrying through it. Thankfully, there's only a small handful of plants that need to be fixed or moved to a different plot, and most of the other plants are in good enough health that some fertilizer and watering will do.

Just before lunch, Vash finds himself finished, informing the receptionist after he puts all of his equipment back into his car. She tells him that he's welcome to wait outside of Nai's office, as his meeting has unfortunately gone long. That makes Vash pout a little, since Nai promised him just last night that as soon as Vash was done, he'd be done with work for the entire weekend, but he also doesn't mind waiting. The receptionist gets him a delicious cup of coffee and a few sweets, so Vash sits there, enjoying his drink and a cookie as he listens to some man scream at his brother over speakerphone in a language he doesn't speak. Nai doesn't speak it either, and every once in a while, the yelling man lets up so an interpreter can fill Nai in on what he's saying.

For a while, Vash can't hear Nai or the interpreter, as neither of them are yelling, but the interpreter must tell Nai something that makes him *snap*, because suddenly he's just as angry, his voice raised in a way that makes Vash's eyebrows shoot to his hairline.

"That's *enough!*" he shouts. The entire room goes silent, and when Nai speaks again, his voice is rumbling and low. Vash actually presses his ear against the wall to hear it. "You will *not* speak to me like that, do you understand?"

Vash feels his stomach tie itself into knots, desire pooling through him at Nai's tone.

Nai's silence is *loud*, especially when Vash inevitably starts to squirm, feeling himself get more and more turned on as his mind races, nothing but thoughts of Nai filling him. Nai's hands, Nai's disappointed face, his grumpily raised eyebrow.

Fuck. Vash needs him.

At that exact moment, Nai's secretary excuses herself out of the room.

Bingo.

Vash quietly gets up, happy when he finds Nai's office door unlocked. He slips inside, and for a moment, all he can do is just take his brother in as he stands there.

Nai is leaning over his desk, one large hand splayed over it. His sleeves rolled up, his tie long discarded on his desk in frustration. Two of the buttons on his shirt are undone, exposing just the dip of muscle between his pecs. He's breathing heavily, his cheeks flushed in anger.

Vash doesn't think that he's ever wanted Nai more.

Nai notices him standing there and does a double take, blinking as he grimaces at Vash. He sighs, pressing mute on his phone as someone else jabbers away on the other line. "Vash. You're supposed to be waiting."

"I couldn't help myself," he admits, taking steps closer to Nai, wanting to close the distance between them. He places one of his hands on Nai's chest while the other slides up his brother's neck, carefully cupping his jaw as he brings him in for a kiss. It's a short thing, one that Nai pulls away from quickly.

"*Vash*," Nai scolds. "I have to pay attention to this call."

"Yes, but I don't, do I?" Vash asks, grinning. He sinks to his knees in front of his brother. Nai rolls his eyes, but reaches across his desk to hit a button, one that immediately draws the blinds and locks his office. It's a button that Vash is quite familiar with. He swears that Nai got it installed because of his little surprise visits.

"You're insatiable. You wouldn't be like this if you just lived with me like I want."

"Pay attention to your call, bossman," Vash says, fumbling with the zipper on Nai's pants. Nai's still mostly soft, although just having Vash in front of him has already obviously excited him. Vash feels his mouth water at the mere sight of his brother's bulge through his underwear. Vash spends a minute kissing it, pressing his nose to Nai's crotch and just breathing him in. Nai makes a disgusted noise above him. Vash doesn't care if it's gross. He's always loved the smell of his brother's skin, his sweat. Vash starts to mouth at Nai's cock, nosing at it, too. Nai starts to argue on the other line again, finally unmuting the call. The interpreter struggles to keep up with Nai's flurry of words as Vash finally slips Nai's cock out through the hole in his briefs, sliding it into his mouth and making Nai's words stutter.

Vash looks up at Nai, an apology written all over his face as his brother's cock settles inside of his mouth. He doesn't plan on making Nai finish, not yet at least, so he just holds Nai's cock there carefully, letting it rest on his tongue. Vash keeps looking at Nai, loving the way his gaze can't seem to stay focused on one thing anymore. His eyes darted from Vash's face to somewhere in the distance. They even close as he tries to keep control, like having the option to look at Vash's face is too much for Nai to resist.

Nai's head tilts back, the pale column of his neck visible to Vash, pleasure obviously starting up inside of him. Vash feels Nai start to thicken up, and then the most glorious and unexpected thing of all happens-- he starts to *agree* with the person on the other line.

Even the interpreter is shocked, asking, "Sir, are you sure?" before he translates Nai's words.

"Yes, I'm sure. Let's just wrap this up already. We've been discussing numbers for far too long for something that means nothing." Nai still sounds annoyed, but Vash can't help but feel pleased that he helped this business deal go smoother in some way, shape, or form.

Vash behaves for a few minutes, letting the deal wrap up. Nai promises that his lawyers will be in contact in the morning, and it's only when he's thanking the interpreter for their hard work (Nai may be an asshole, but their mother raised them right), that Vash gets brave, deciding to move his mouth over Nai's cock properly. Nai chokes, recovering quickly as he says goodbye and hangs up the phone.

Now the real fun can begin.

Vash isn't surprised when Nai takes a fistfull of his hair, making him wince and stopping him from sucking Nai's dick more.

"Why you little insufferable-" Nai huffs, and Vash pulls off his cock innocently, looking at his brother with his big, doe eyes.

"What did I do, Nai? I was just trying to keep you from being so stressed."

"You know *exactly* what you did and you know it. Now I'm out money because of you and your stupid mouth."

Vash strokes Nai's cock from root to tip, leaning into his hand to ease the pressure on his scalp, even though it feels good. "Is that such a problem? Don't you have enough?"

Meanly, Nai pulls Vash's hair, forcing him up onto his feet with a whine. He doesn't let go as he pulls Vash close, bringing his other hand up to stroke his cheek. "You're lucky I love you so much."

Nai picks Vash up, tossing him over his shoulder as Vash yelps from surprise. He sets Vash down in front of one of the windows looking out onto the city, quickly pulling up the blinds. The sun is starting to set, golden hour casting its array of oranges and reds over the two of them and Nai's office. Then, Nai starts on Vash's clothes, stripping off his shirt before he leans down to kiss on Vash's neck, reaching between their bodies to undo his pants, pulling them down with his underwear and tossing them into a heap in the middle of the floor. Vash is left naked besides his socks, feeling exposed, which is just how Nai wants him.

This is a punishment. Vash already knows.

"I'm going to fuck you right here. Look outside, Vash," Nai says, closing Vash's in, pressing his body up against the cool window. Vash gasps at the temperature shock, Nai's warm body behind him the only relief he has. "Any one of them could look up and see you taking your brother's cock. Do you want that?"

"Maybe," Vash answers with a sigh, and Nai hums.

He positions his cock at Vash's entrance, holding Vash's hips still with a strong hand as he starts to sink inside, torturously slow.

"Nai, please," Vash begs, uncaring how desperate he sounds.

"You're such a slut for me," Nai tells him. "Does anyone know?"

Nai starts to move his hips, then, and Vash gasps, letting his head loll back onto Nai's shoulder as he finally gets what he wants. This makes his entire day worth of work worth it. "N-no," Vash answers, his voice choking.

"I want them to know. I want everyone to know you're mine." There's so much honesty in Nai's words that it makes Vash moan, pushing his ass back onto his brother's cock.

Vash doesn't know what to say, too afraid to make a promise that he can't keep. Instead he just moans, "Nai," sounding so very broken. "Fuck me. Make me come on your cock."

Nai does just that.

Nai fucks into Vash with deep, even strokes, knowing just how to position himself to fuck into the spot that Vash needs him to, knowing just how to reach down and touch Vash between his legs, pinching his clit roughly in a way that has Vash crying out and gasping.

"Just like that, Vash. You come for me and me alone. You're mine. You'll always be mine."

Vash feels himself getting close to the edge, approaching it at a rapid pace. "Yes, yes!" he all but yells.

It doesn't take more than a few thrusts to make him finish, and with a grunt, Nai follows him just after. It's risky to let Nai finish inside, Vash knows this, he always knows this, and he always lets him anyway.

Vash moans at the feeling of being filled, reaching back to pull Nai's face to him, sealing his orgasm with a kiss as they both come down.

"You're not done, are you?" Nai says, playing with Vash's clit and feeling him clench around his dick, overly-sensitive and needy.

"No, I'm not," Vash answers, knowing that Nai's just as pent up as he is.

As much as he tries to fight it. They really are made for one another.

"Stay with me tonight?" Nai asks, and Vash is helpless but to say one thing.

"Yes."





To Love and to Take

ZDORZI

Content Warning:

dubcon | degradation | explicit sexual content
implied violence

Every few months, Knives meets his brother under the stars.

Every time, they do the same song and dance. Knives finds Vash. Vash tries to rebuke him. Knives ignores his protests, and asks the question he's been asking since the Great Fall:

"Brother, join me. Let us build a paradise together."

And every time, Vash's eyes would grow wet with unshed tears, his eyelashes quivering as he shakes his head. Even after centuries, he still denies him. He clings onto his same old, misguided beliefs – that humans are *good*, that they can *change*, that what Knives is proposing is *wrong*.

Ha. As if killing the people who ruthlessly murder their sisters and use them as tools could ever be unjust.

Yet, Vash still refuses to listen. It's why, when their words go nowhere, their conversation inevitably devolves into a fight. His blades clash with Vash's bullets in the desert, their feet skidding in the burning sand, and at the end of it all Knives finds himself pointing the tip of his blade to his twin's throat, pinning the man underneath him.

There were many times Knives could've killed him. There were many times Knives' could've forced Vash to go with him. Knives chooses not to do either. He hisses a few choice insults, calls Vash *selfish* and *cowardly* and *brainwashed* – but he always lets him go.

His Eden will never be complete without his brother by his side. He's already come so far, done so much – all of it would be meaningless if Vash were dead or unwilling. It's why Knives continues to seek him out, even after centuries of rejection. He has to hope that, with enough time, Vash's opinion would change. Patience, he tells himself. He just needs to wait.

But patience has never been an easy virtue to uphold.

The sun is setting over the horizon when Knives reaches the town.

Despite that, the air is still hot and dry, sapping the moisture from anything and everything it touches. Knives' lips already feel chapped. It's obvious that this is not a place where life can't survive – and yet, there are small houses and run-down stores and a dirt paved road filled with *humans*. Their mere existence means that this town is supported by a *Plant* – one of their sisters, slowly being drained of her life force. She'll die a slow, agonizing death, and once there's nothing left of her, the humans will simply find a replacement.

Knives clenches his jaw. His skin itches with a barely-suppressed fury, a righteous anger. There is nothing he wants more than to destroy this town and everyone in it, and he will – just not yet.

Because Vash is here.

Knives knows his brother has a habit of hopping from town to town, fraternizing with its residents as if they weren't the exact same people who put a bounty on his head. He'd followed him to this one, even though it hasn't been long since their last meeting. He'd kept himself out of sight, too, opting to observe his twin from a distance before confronting him.

They've been separated for many years now, but this is the first time Knives has seen Vash interacting with humans like this. He's currently sitting at a bar, swirling around a glass of something alcoholic, an easy grin on his face as he chats with the bartender.

The townspeople are kind to him. Knives keeps himself huddled away in the furthest corner of the bar, melting into the shadows, but he still manages to hear snippets of conversation. Apparently Vash has been here before, helping them with repairs and whatnot. The bartender slides over free drinks, which Vash accepts happily, downing glass after glass of amber liquid as a group of humans chatter around him.

The night wears on. Vash keeps drinking, and Knives finds himself growing more and more annoyed. They are superior beings – they shouldn't be poisoning their bodies with the human's liqueur, letting the alcohol loosen their tongue and relax their mind.

Yet, this is precisely what Vash is doing. His cheeks are flushed pink now, and it's obvious that he's drunk. He's telling some story to a dark-haired man with an eyepatch sitting next to him, waving his prosthetic arm around for dramatic effect. Vash tells a joke and the man laughs, leaning closer towards him with a lazy grin. His dark eyes roam up and down Vash's body, like he's a piece of meat, and Knives feels like he's been doused in cold water.

He grits his teeth. How *dare* a mere human leer at his brother like that? Did the man truly believe he deserved Vash's attention and affection?

Knives' head snaps back to Vash because surely, even drunk, his brother *must* know the man's intentions. He'll never let it slide–

But Vash is smiling back, eyelashes fluttering, and it hits Knives that his brother is *flirting*.

With a fucking *human*.

Red hot rage wells up inside of him. When he sees the man drag his chair closer to Vash's side and slide a hand around his waist, Knives finally snaps. Before he knows it, he's on his feet and striding towards the bar, eyes narrowed and jaw set. His blades prickle underneath his skin, ready to be unsheathed. It takes all of his willpower to hold back and not to slice the dark-haired man into pieces.

What he does do is grab the man's wrist with an iron grip and pry it off of Vash's body. Both their heads immediately snap up at his presence. A multitude of emotions flash across Vash's face when he sees him, lightning-quick – surprise, shock, *fear*. The man beside him, on the other hand, wears an expression of indignation as he tries and fails to shake Knives off.

"What the hell?" he snaps, glaring at Knives. "Who the fuck–"

"How dare you," Knives hisses. He tightens his grip – the man winces, eyes going wide as realization dawns on him that Knives is *strong*, and dangerous. He could crush the man's wrist like dust. He nearly does, squeezing down hard as he growls, "How dare you touch him, you *filth*–"

"Knives!" Suddenly, Vash is touching him, the cold metal of his prosthetic fingers curling around Knives' own. He looks– panicked, almost, and something twists painfully in Knives' gut at the thought that his brother cares more about the wellbeing of this human than of him. "That's enough. Let him go."

Why should he? He has every right to destroy the human that squirms in his grip for his arrogance, for daring to even lay a finger on Vash. In fact, he should destroy this entire town for what they've done to their sisters, kill every filthy human for their sins.

But then Vash's other hand is squeezing his shoulder, and his eyes are wide and desperate.

"Please," he breathes, and Knives–

Knives has never been able to deny his brother anything.

He lets go.

The man collapses back into his chair with a gasp, nursing his throbbing hand. All eyes are on the two of them, but no one dares to say a word. Vash gently takes Knives' hand and tugs him towards the exit. Knives follows, their steps echoing in the now silent bar.

They end up on the empty streets, the cold evening breeze biting on their skin. It seems as though the villagers here opt to seek comfort indoors when the sun goes down. Nonetheless, Vash continues to move, ducking down an empty alleyway away from prying eyes. It's then, and only then, that Vash drops his hand and turns to look at him.

"Nai–" he begins, but Knives interrupts.

"Do you do this often?"

Vash freezes. "What?"

"Do you do this often?" Knives repeats, voice cold. He takes a step forward. Vash takes a step back. "Do you come to these towns and act like a *whore* to the very humans who murder our kind?"

Vash's expression morphs from shock to anger. "I'm not selling *anything*," he snaps. "And what I do on my own time is *none* of your business–"

Knives' body moves of his own accord. He grabs Vash's collar before he could finish his sentence, slamming him into the brick wall behind them. "It *is* my business," he hisses, venom in every word. Vash lets out a pained gasp, his good hand clawing at Knives' grip. Knives ignores him. "It is my business because you are *my* brother, and you belong to me."

He pushes Vash harder against the wall, tightening his grip. "How dare you give your body so easily to humans," he continues, the words he's kept bottled up in him for *centuries* finally tumbling out, "and yet still deny it to me?"

Vash chokes. His nails dig into Knives' wrist. "What the hell are you talking about?" he gasps out, strained.

Knives hums. "Perhaps I've been too lenient with you up until now," he murmurs, more to himself than to Vash. "Letting you roam around the planet playing hero, while you constantly abandon me."

He steps forward and slides a leg between Vash's thighs. "Since you're so eager for a fuck," he growls, voice low. "Then it's only right for me to give you what you want, isn't it?"

"Nai, what–?" Vash begins, but before he can finish speaking, Knives is ripping his brother's trousers open. Vash chokes, eyes blowing wide in shock as he thrashes against Knives' grip.

It's useless, though. Anything that Vash tries will be useless. Knives has always been the stronger of the two of them, the one unafraid to dirty his hands and spill blood. Vash can talk big, can put up a good fight if he chooses to, but he'll never seriously hurt him. The numerous times they've fought is a testament to that.

"Nai," Vash repeats, strained. His prosthetic hand hovers above the holster of his gun, though he doesn't grab it, not yet. "Nai. Stop. What are you *doing*? You–"

“You touch that thing and I’ll kill everyone in this town.”

Vash goes still. His face pales.

He’s so predictable. It’s been hundreds of years, but he never changes. Ever the bleeding heart.

“Nai,” he says. His voice is softer now, slightly shaky. “You– You *can’t*–”

Knives growls. His cock is rock-hard in his pants. He takes himself in hand, then lets go of Vash’s neck, hand gripping Vash’s leg inside to hoist his thigh wider apart. His brother whimpers, dampness gathering in those sky-blue eyes, but still, he doesn’t fight back.

“Please,” he whispers. “Listen–”

Knives slides his cock into Vash’s cunt.

Vash gasps, fingers digging into Knives’ back as he thrusts inside. The glide in is smooth and hot, Vash’s walls opening up easily around his length, and somehow that pisses off Knives even more.

“How many people have you fucked to make you *this* loose?” He hisses, spittle flying from his lips. “Hundreds? Thousands? You’ll spread your legs for every goddamn human on this planet, and not for *me?*”

Vash doesn’t respond. He seems struck silent, lips parted but no sound coming out as his heat pulses around Knives’ length. Or maybe he doesn’t *want* to respond – ignoring Knives like he has for centuries, discarding his own brother in favor of the race of murderers.

He hoists Vash into the air with both hands and fucks him deeper and faster, hips pistoning into his cunt. Slick, wet noises fill the air.

“Whore,” Knives snarls. He noses past the collar of Vash’s jacket and nips at his delicate throat, hoping it bruises, hoping it hurts. “Fucking slut. You can pretend you don’t want this, but we all know the truth.”

He snaps his hips forwards, driving his cock harder, deeper inside of Vash’s dripping pussy. He knows he’s being too rough but can’t find it in himself to care, even when Vash’s eyes squeeze shut and he grits his teeth. All that remains is a cold, icy anger – decades of rejection and loss and broken dreams spilling out in every punishing thrust.

“I should’ve done this sooner,” he continues. A chuckle escapes his lips. “I should’ve dragged you back with me the first time we fought. Would’ve saved me a whole lot of trouble.” He licks a stripe down Vash’s throat and his twin shudders, letting out a shaky exhale. “What do you think, hm? Will you *finally* come back with me?”

Vash’s legs tremble around Knives’ waist. His eyelashes quiver when he opens

his eyes.

"Nai," he says, voice barely above a whisper. "Just please… Please don't hurt them."

Knives' heart clenches painfully inside his chest.

His brother will never change, he realizes, with a heavy, looming despair. All the centuries he's spent waiting, hoping against hope that *one day* Vash would come back to Knives – it had all been for naught. The Big Fall. Tesla. Everything Knives had done to prepare an Eden, a paradise for his brother – it meant nothing to Vash. Even now, with Knives' cock buried in his womb, it's still the same.

Vash will always love the humans more than him.

Knives doesn't respond. Instead, he slides a hand down and pinches hard on Vash's swollen clit, ignoring the following cry of pain. "Nai–" Vash tries to plea, but Knives cuts him off with another rough thrust, nails digging into the soft flesh of his thighs. There are already bruises forming on his skin, purple marks that prove Knives' claim over him. He'll be in pain for days after this, Knives knows, but he can't find it in himself to care.

He presses a kiss to Vash's trembling lips. His brother's cheeks are streaked with silent tears. His hair is messy. His breathing is ragged. There's no love in his dull blue eyes when Knives pulls away, and perhaps there will never be. It doesn't matter, anyways.

If Vash will forever deny him, then all Knives can do is take.




BOUNCE
Oh you REALLY enjoy this my Vash~
Vash~ you sure?
NAI NAI~
You Look Amazing!
SEE? Humans do good too!

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SEEDS OS
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Height 6 ft 5 in
DOB July 21
Birth Place 5
Category BONDED PAIR - Do Not Seperate
Project Code type-KV